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Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**History Of Marriage Might
Well Be Termed Another
"Romance Of The Turf"**

Like those of providence, the ways of handicappers are past finding out. Of which the result of the first "big" race of 1943 provides an impressive example.

The event in question was the New Orleans Handicap, \$25,000 added, run in that city at the Fair Grounds last Saturday, February 27, which was for 3-year-olds and upward; distance a mile and a sixteenth.

This is the first large-value stake that has been staged at the Crescent City in a long, long while. Its coming to the surface was one might say, accidental and due to two unusual features.

The first being the black-outs in Florida and California, which have sent a lot of horses classifying as "stars" to New Orleans, a place to which they have been strangers, as a rule, for a protracted period.

The second, that Whirlaway was among them.

The \$25,000 race of last Saturday was primarily arranged as a vehicle for the champion money-winner, just now the No. 1 gate attraction of the American turf.

It was also an humble effort at greasing the skids for his piling up of farther winnings with the \$600,000 mark in view; his present total being just above \$560,000.

But of late "Whirly" has not been training to suit his mentor, Ben Jones, and he announced well in advance of the running that the hero with the far-flowing caudal appendage would not go to the post.

This caused some anguish to the management, which had visioned a record-breaking crowd and a similar "handle"—as the amount of cash that passes through the grated windows is now elegantly called.

However, in the end they lost no very great amount as the attendance was large and betting ditto.

While, with Whirlaway out of contention the feature race brought forth a field of 10 horses that, without question, was about the highest class one that ever took the word at New Orleans—and the Fair Grounds track is one of the oldest now in commission in this country, having thrown open its gates for the first time just 70 years ago, in 1873.

According to the experts, with "Whirly" in the stable, the \$25,000 race was going to be won by either

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Tom Watson Is Now Lieutenant In The Marines

**One Night A Private, Next
Day A Lieutenant In The
Field At Guadalcanal**

Comes a short note from a friend of everyone who loves nice things about a horse, Fontaine Maury Thraves, now Fontaine Maury Watson, for she married the good Tom before he went to the Marines. Back some time ago we said he had been decorated, that was at the time of the Montpelier meeting, she casually mentioned it to us, otherwise we would never have known.

Now comes a note from the good lady telling us to read in The Saturday Evening Post, "The Battle of Bloody Hill" by Captain William J. McKennan U. S. M. C., and that is all. But not all from this end, for here is what the good Captain of Marines reports in his own words:—"While we were accomplishing this (getting machine guns in position), the chattering Japs had completed their organization for assault. We could see them coming by the progress of their flares. Above us, at the command post on the plateau-like summit of the hill, Colonel Edson was directing the general operations, and with him was a private first class named Watson, a cool hand with a positive genius for the work he was called upon to do. Through-

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Statistics Show Why Owners Must Breed Their Mares

**America Has Approximately
4,000,000 That Could Be
Used For Breeding**

Europe will want horses due to its expending so many now—through military uses, no breeding and eating them.

Austria, had about 250,000. It is now so tied up with Germany that no estimate can be made.

In Belgium, there were approximately 240,000 horses before the war. Since then the Germans have cleaned them out. Fodder shortage and destruction has been a deterring factor in breeding.

Czechoslovakia, had about 700,000 head when Germany invaded the majority of them were farm horses. The Germans from the start, looted and slaughtered horses and cattle. The loss is about 300,000 now.

In Denmark, there were approximately 500,000 horses when the Germans invaded.

In Estonia, there were about 210,000 horses. Estimated loss, 100,000.

Finland had 300,000 horses, their loss of 70,000 horses is only an estimate.

In France, about 3,000,000 horses with 500,000 lost. There is practically no replacement breeding.

Germany, had roughly 750,000. Of course, she maintains her quantity

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BLUE RIDGE HUNT

Millwood, Clarke county,
Virginia.
Established 1888.
Recognized 1904.



If one of our enterprising dealers in sporting goods were to publish a calendar designating each particular month as the month of a given sport, he should certainly reserve January for foxhunting. It is then that the young men of genus vulpex lightly turn to thoughts of love and to long expeditions in quest of the same. The return journeys, if accelerated by a good pack of hounds, usually prove to be the best days of the season. Moreover, in Virginia at least, January almost invariably provides a period of settled weather with comparatively little wind, rain or snow and with the thermometer some ten degrees above freezing.

In the Valley the first month of 1943 lived up to the very best of these traditions which, added to the great improvement in the war news, got the New Year off to an excellent start. It was also a month of extremes including one day (the 27th) when the thermometer stood at 76 degrees also our first blank day of the season on which sharp showers drove the foxes in during the morning and a gale of wind kept them there during the afternoon. Snow lopped off the last three fixtures but of the other fifteen on the card we were able to keep all but one. Many of these were really outstanding days.

On the second, when the Blue Ridge met at Carter Hall, a fox from the Vineyard woods gave us a nice gallop across the Randolph, Carter, Page and Whiting farms and back again, all land which has remained in the same family since "King" Carter bought it from Lord Fairfax in 1730. Not five hundred yards from the meet at Farnley on the seventh two foxes jumped up in front of the Rock Hill hounds, which had not even been cast, but were still packed close about the huntsman. The vixen promptly got to ground, but the dog fox ran south past Ashby through the Trenary woods to the Success road and then doubled back through the woods and nearly to where we found him. Here he turned east, crossing the White Oaks Level into the Lee Orchard and going south into the Gullford woods which he circled. Finding this maneuver of no avail he tried some fancy road running east along the Ashby-Milldale road with several deviations into adjacent fields. Mr. John Earle of Mt. Zion, who at 75 still rides about his farms daily, saw him cross into Raymond Guest's Rock Hill farm and raised his hat to show us the way, while hounds were still puzzling it out half a mile back.

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The School Of Our Generals

BY MARGARET de MARTELLY

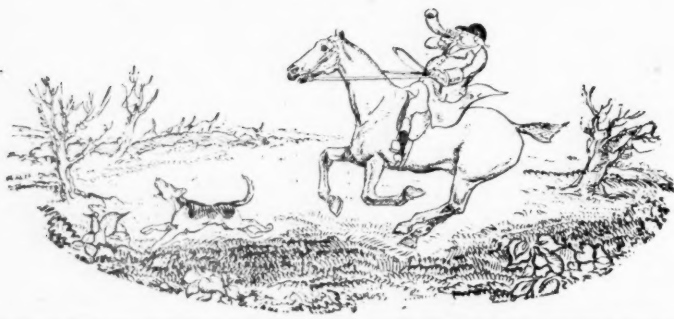
In the history of our nation there has never been a greater number of young Generals in command of so many units of our largest Army. There has never been such an opportunity for so many to demonstrate their ability to use their initiative. To The Chronicle this is the beginning of a year when especially we may follow the fortunes of the War on foreign soils, for many of our readers their kinfolks, or friends are over there. This 1943 must be especially epocal by reason of the bounden interest we have because of the transport of the horses which we and our ilk have raised. They are now about to form a very real part of that vast flood of resources which The United States is furnishing so that the Allied Nations may not only whip but without question

of a doubt, render ineffective, the countries that are arrayed against us.

Many of our readers have not had previous opportunity to know how the Regular Establishment lived, what were its simple pleasures. They never had a chance to know how these wives learned to be so self-sufficient, how Army kids learned to take care of themselves. Again, there are what civilians call the "race problems", they do not stop to think that in the army, they all become soldiers of the U. S. A., The Regular Army recognizes this, those of our readers who have sons or husbands will come out of this War with a very different sense of balance as regards such paltry distinctions as that of the color of the skin. To

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Hunting Notes:-



TO THE MASTERS

We ask you to send in notes to the BERRYVILLE office each week. Hunting men away in the service read their Chronicle, we send it to them.

ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62,
Littleton,
Colorado.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.



Hounds met at 10:30 January 4th, at the kennels, and we headed towards the north country, but before arriving there a coyote was viewed, and took us on the same rough route up and around the Hole. After 20 minutes, hounds checked and rather than scramble up and down hill and through scruboak, we headed north once more. About noon we picked up another coyote, and had over an hour's run. The coyote was often in view of the field, and delighted us all by performing one of his tricks in plain sight. As he was running along a tightly woven wire fence, hounds only a few yards behind, he suddenly doubled back, and ducked under a hole in the fence. It looked as though hounds would follow, but they of course ran on, and several valuable moments were lost. After crossing the fence, they cut across the pasture and made a large circle, then headed straight west, where they finally lost when the coyote ran down a creek bed. Though hounds found his line coming out, scent had vanished.

This was the last day Colonel Haus Kloefer was out with us, and we were all especially glad for a good run. The hunting field doesn't seem the same without him and his faithful horse Rap, and we miss Mrs. Kloefer watching from hilltops and waiting with hot tea for us when we came in. Though she didn't ride with us, she knew as much about the hounds and days' sport as any.

Wednesday with a small field and staff (one whipper-in confined home with a bad ear), hounds were cast south with the hope of picking up a "pet" coyote (so-called because they live near the kennels; they are fun to hunt with a small field because they run in small circles and are very tricky for hounds to follow, but not much fun on a big day as they will not straighten out enough for a really fast run. Needless to say, when hunting these coyotes, the staff as well as the hounds are really put on their mettle trying to figure out the line.) However, it was sometime before we picked up a coyote (not a pet), running east up a draw, and he gave us a good run straight to the west end of the buffalo fence, past it and up the hill north, where hounds checked. Here, the path along the top of the hill had just been traveled over by a tractor, and scent had vanished.

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ESSEX FOX HOUNDS

Peapack,
New Jersey.
Established 1912.
Recognized 1912.



Saturday, February 20, 1943

The Essex Fox Hounds met at the Kennels on Saturday, February 20th, and enjoyed a very pleasant day's sport. It was the first time they had been out for three and a half weeks, on account of snow and freezing weather; but on Saturday the snow was nearly gone and it was as hot as May. Everywhere the fields and roads were running with water and the streams were all in spate. About seventeen turned up to hunt and everyone was overjoyed to be out with hounds once more.

We drew the Club covers first and found a fox, but scent was so bad that hounds could do very little more than hunt him at a walk. At this sober pace we trailed over the Cutting and Fowler farms and finally put him to ground under Anderson Fowler's woodshed. Hounds then drew the rest of the Fowler woods, the Griffin's cover, and several covers on the Cutting's property, but all were blank. We moved on to the Pierrepont place and across it to the Martin's pine spinney. This splendid cover is generally the "Billesdon Coplow" of the Essex Hunt, but on this occasion, unfortunately, there was no fox at home. Hounds then moved on and drew blank over the Martin, Drum and Stevens farms. As a last resort we tried for the gallant fox that lives close by the Clucas stable and has furnished so many good hunts already this year. He was at home and went away flying over a nice stretch of country; but after two fields hounds were brought down to their noses. The scenting was very bad and only in the open could hounds run on at all. The fox ran due South, his usual line, for Moore's cover, but turned right handed just short of the macadam road and raced away over the nice line which covers the Clucas, Stevens and Martin farms. He went through the Martin pines, where scent was very bad on the snow, and then away over the fine grass of the Pierrepont farm, through all the covers we had drawn earlier, as far as the Fowler house. Here he was seen making for the Griffin farm and hounds hunted him slowly on the snow until they were finally run completely out of scent about 5 P. M. It had been a good hunt of over an hour, very slow most of the way, but most enjoyable after all these weeks of

Continued on Page Three

THE VISITING MASTER

By E. B. MITCHELL

E. B. Mitchell, M. F. H. of the Beaufort Hunt outside of Harrisburg, Pa. has courteously complied with our pleas and sent us pictures which unfortunately we have not been able to do justice to. We hope to be able to remedy this defect. He has now sent us this story, which he says is so much like fiction that it might be so treated, but is really true. However, Louis de Rougemont said that "truth was stranger than fiction" and we agree—it's a good story. Maybe the writer has another or two under his cap, or that red coat?

D. L. H.

Whenever I make a visit to some friend and undertake to go on a hunt, I always wonder what kind of a mount I will have. I must confess it is sometimes with trepidation that I venture to make such a visit. I know from experience that as a visiting Master, the local fox hunters will put themselves out to give me a good time and to show good sport; but the question of the proper horse, I can see, is a hard one. "What kind of a rider is your friend, the Master?" I can hear them say—and out of pride in his guest, the answer my host gives, no doubt leads to the conclusion that I am a hard riding, hell-bent-for-leather horseman; and I'm beginning to think maybe I am. I am certain it is only with the utmost desire not to disappoint me that the horse I am to ride is chosen, and not with any idea of putting the visiting Master on the spot.

On a recent visit of this kind, my host was most considerate in allowing me to retire at a decent hour, and after lying awake wondering what sort of a horse the morrow would bring forth, not having even seen him as yet, I soon fell asleep. I awoke refreshed and really feeling fit, only to discover that the wind was blowing, the ground frozen hard and the temperature about 18.

When we arrived at the meeting place horses were immediately led out and I was put up on a fine up-standing grey about 16.3 hands. On account of the sharp wind there was no loitering about. While I was trying to pull up stirrups I discovered everyone had ridden off leaving me about a field's length behind, so I left the stirrups go and set off behind them. Soon however I not only caught up with them, but passed everyone including the Master, and had to circle the grey to stop him. I found however that the grey was a

good jumper and so I felt all right even though he was hard to hold.

Hounds met us at a farmhouse and I had a chance to adjust my stirrups. It was a picturesque ride through a wooded lane, while I rode up beside the Master and had less difficulty with Grey, being in front.

Hounds found in a meadow beside the wood and were off. So was the grey. Just then a lady was thrown, her horse having stepped into a hole. I rode back to inquire if she was all right and then as my horse was chafing a bit and her husband was with her, I loosened rein and we were off again to a full gallop across a few fields until once more I was ahead of the Master and circled to wait for him.

He led us through a short cut and while he waited to see which way hounds would come, he very courteously told me to ride ahead whenever I pleased.

This I did and soon found myself even ahead of hounds, so I stopped and waited for huntsmen and whips and then followed them. Here I had some thrilling and trappy jumps. A twig hit my nose and started a small flow of blood which was soon stopped by my handkerchief. The grey really jumped wide and handsome, and although my fingers were numb from trying to hold him, we were getting along pretty well and I was enjoying it. I spied the Master and the field standing at some distance waiting for hounds to circle and so I rode up to the Master and waited with them, glad of the chance to rest a bit. I paid my respects to the Master and told him I had seen a hound on a line and wanted to tell the huntsman about it, which was true.

We then went through a wood and came to a bridge across a creek. When the first rider rode on it, the opposite end of the bridge went up in the air and then down again as he crossed over. Several tried it on foot leading. Being anxious to get on and accustomed to being up in front by this time, and not liking the looks of the bridge, I rode on upstream a bit where the creek was narrower and crossed. The bank was only about three feet high and the creek didn't look deep.

Just as my horse started up the opposite bank he slipped on the frozen ground and fell back. What was my astonishment to find myself lying in the creek entirely immersed. The horse had rolled right over with me.

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TEL. PEAPACK 571

WM. WRIGHT

RIDING BREECHES

RIDING SHOES AND LEGGINGS

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Field Boots

TELEGRAMS, FAR HILLS, N. J.

Far Hills, N. J.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Waterproof Rain Coats

Have Raglan Sleeves, Inner Storm Cuffs, and Leg Strap to Keep Coat from Blowing Off the Knee.

also Ladies' Side Saddle Rain Coats, Waterproof Knee Aprons, and Rubber Riding Boots.

High-Class & Correct Ready-to-Wear and Made to Order Riding Breeches For Hunting, Polo, Racing and Pleasure.

Shoes 7 in. high. Leggings in leather, boxcloth and canvas. Fit the leg like a stocking and never shift. To lace or button.

Also Gloves, Stock Ties, Hunting Shirts and other Accessories. Hunting Appointments. New and Used Saddles, Bridles by Whippy, Barnaby, etc.

The Sporting Calendar

You can help us by sending in that do not appear in this Calendar. notices of any events you know of

Racing

NOVEMBER

26-March 9, 1943. Fair Grounds Breeders' & Racing Assn., New Orleans, La. 75 days. (No racing on Mondays—March 8th excepted)
LOUISIANA DERBY, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., March 6 \$7,500 Added
MARDI GRAS HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Tues., March 9 \$2,000 Added

FEBRUARY

22-Mar. 27—Oaklawn Jockey Club, Hot Springs, Ark. 30 days.

MARCH

6-June 6. Hipodrome De Las Americas, Jockey Club, De La Ciudad De Mexico. 42 days or more.

HANDICAP DE LA CIUDAD DE MEXICO, 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds, May 9.....17,000 Pesos Added
DERBY MEXICANO, 1 1-8 mi., 3-yr.-olds, May 16 50,000 Pesos Added
HANDICAP NACIONAL, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, May 23 20,000 Pesos Added
STAKES DE LA CONDESA, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, May 27 6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP DE LAS AMERICAS, 1 1-4 mi., 3 & up, May 30 100,000 Pesos Added
STAKES JOCKEY CLUB MEXICANO, 7 f., 3 & up, June 3 6,250 Pesos Added
HANDICAP PRESIDENCIAL, 1 1-8 mi., 3 & up, June 6 50,000 Pesos Added
(Stakes nominations close May 1, 1943 except Mexican Bred or Owned Stakes).

APRIL

8-May 8—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 27 days.
EXPERIMENTAL FREE HANDICAP, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Thurs., April 8 \$5,000 Added
PAUMONOK HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., April 10 \$7,500 Added
WOOD MEMORIAL, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., April 17 \$25,000 Added
EXCELSOR HANDICAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., April 24 \$10,000 Added
ROSEDALE STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., April 28 \$5,000 Added
JAMAICA HANDICAP, 6 f., 3 & up, Sat., May 1 \$5,000 Added
YOUTHFUL STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-olds, Wed., May 5 \$5,000 Added
GREY LAG HANDICAP, 1½ mi., 3 & up, Sat., May 8 \$15,000 Added

24-May 15—Churchill Downs Spring Meeting, Louisville, Kentucky.
THE CLARK 'CAP, 1 1-16 mi., 3 & up, Sat., April 24 \$2,500 Added
THE DERBY TRIAL, 1 mi., 3-yr.-olds, Tues., April 27 \$2,500 Added
THE DEBUTANTE, 5 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Wed., April 28 \$2,500 Added
THE CHURCHILL DOWNS 'CAP, 1 mi., 3 & up, Thurs., April 29 \$5,000 Added
THE BASHFORD MANOR STAKES, 5 f., 2-yr.-old colts & geldings, Fri., April 30 \$2,500 Added
THE KENTUCKY DERBY, 1½ mi., 3-yr.-olds, Sat., May 1 \$75,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY OAKS, 1 1-16 mi., 3-yr.-old fillies, Sat., May 8 \$5,000 Added
THE KENTUCKY 'CAP, 1½ mi., 3 & up, Sat., May 15 \$2,500 Added

MAY

1-15—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 13 days.
10-June 5—Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.
17-June 19—Lincoln Fields Jockey Club, Inc., Crete, Ill. 30 days.
22-29—Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
29-July 5—Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. 28 days.
31-June 7—Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

JUNE

8-15—Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
16-23—Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
21-July 31—Arlington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Arlington Heights, Ill. 38 days.
24-July 1—Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.
28-July 24—Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.
7-26—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

JULY

7-Sept. 11—Garden State Racing Assn., Camden, N. J. No racing Mondays, Sept. 6 excepted. 50 days.
31-Aug. 19—Ascot Park, Akron, Ohio. 19 days.
31-Aug. 7—Hamilton, Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

AUGUST

2-Sept. 6—Washington Park Jockey Club, Inc., Homewood, Ill. 31 days.
28-Oct. 9—Fairmount Park Jockey Club, Collinsville, Ill. 32 days.
30-Sept. 18—Queens County Jockey Club, Aqueduct, L. I. 18 days.

SEPTEMBER

7-Oct. 16—Hawthorne, Chicago Business Men's Racing Assn., Cicero, Ill. 35 days.
23-Oct. 9—Belmont Park, Westchester Racing Assn., Long Island, N. Y.
25-Oct. 2—Woodbine Park, Ontario Jockey Club, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
11-13—Thorncliffe Park, Thorncliffe Park Racing & Breeding Assn., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

OCTOBER

6-13—Long Branch, Long Branch Jockey Club, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
11-20—Metropolitan Jockey Club, Jamaica, L. I. 9 days.
16-23—Dufferin Park, Metropolitan Racing Assn. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.
18-30—Sportsman's Park, National Jockey Club, Cicero, Ill. 12 days.
21-Nov. 3—Empire City Racing Assn., Yonkers, N. Y.

Essex Hounds

Continued from Page Two

foul weather. Hounds were then taken home.

Washington's Birthday February 22, 1943

The Essex Fox Hounds met at the Larger Cross Roads today at 1 o'clock to close the season. It was another beautiful day, soft and warm, with most of the frost out of the ground, and the going promised to be very deep in places. Nineteen people turned up to hunt, all of them on horse-back or in carriages. Everyone felt it should be a good scenting day, but

no one could have guessed what a really "quick thing" we were in for; in fact—one of the fastest hunts of the season.

Hounds drew the Roger Mellick covers, without success, and pushed on to draw the Harold Fowler cover—blank as well. They then drew carefully across the Cowperthwaite fields and crossed the dirt road near his farm barns, to enter that large stretch of rough moorland country belonging to the Somerset Hills Development Corporation. Here they found at once, on the top of the hill and raced away due West toward the Field Farm. Scent seemed of the best and hounds simply flew. The going through here was very bad and extremely hard for the horses. The line veered slightly to the left and then went straight for the K. B. Schley house. Hounds crossed the macadam road on to the good going of the Field Farm, ran to the left of the house, crossed the river for a wide sweep on the farther side, recrossed it well up stream and raced away to the North over the Moseley farm. They ran past the Moseley house and then turned right and crossed the road on the Ogden White property. From here it was another straight line across the moors to the Cowperthwaites, and then a big circle

to the left over the fine upland pastures on the top of the hill. The fox then went straight for Lamington, turned left handed and fooled hounds completely on some very wet ploughed fields on the Ogden White farm. He was very tired and sinking fast, but he was too clever for them even then. His pads must have "padded up" on the wet clay and possibly he slipped into an earth in one of the deep gullies that infest that district. At any rate, he vanished as completely as if he had taken to the air and no cast in any direction served to pick him up. But it was a great hunt and no one minded his saving his brush. The time was one hour and ten minutes and the pace, at times, was really fast.

From here hounds drew slowly over to the lowest of the Milner covers and swung up to the left in the direction of Burnt Mills. Very soon a brace of foxes got up and hounds were off again. For a time the two lines ran together and turned left handed through the big covers on the top of the hill. From there they crossed on to the Cowperthwaite pastures, heading straight across the middle and promising a great run. But one fox turned left with half the pack, and the other went on with the rest

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Bulletin Board

AN APOLOGY—

An apology is in order for the incorrect placings of the pictures last week. Pages 7 and 14 were inverted, the titles should have remained with the numbers. Please pardon.

NAMES AND ADDRESSES—

Remember to sign your name and give your address on all communications.

PROSPECT'S NAMES—

We continue to ask for names. This must be our continual call. Wars are not won if there is not ammunition. The Chronicle must have subscribers, new ones. They are our ammunition.

CHRONICLE STAFF—

We call attention to our masthead which indicates the revision just made in the assignment of functions of our small staff. It calls for a short explanatory notice for your information on Page 11. Please read.

BREEDING MARES—

We again impress on mare owners the need of raising foals this year. We are able to present good reasoning on it this week. Please read.



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Horsemen's News-



Must Breed Mares

Continued from Page One

by confiscation.

The British Isles have approximately 800,000 horses.

Greece, had about 300,000 horses. It has been thoroughly looted by both Germany and Italy. The streets are a satirical cemetery for the starving Greeks.

In Hungary, there were 750,000 head of horses before the war. Estimate the loss of 250,000 horses as quite conservative.

In Italy, there may have been 1,000,000 with 330,000 of them lost. In Russia, there may be about 30,000,000 horses. She uses them

for all short hauls and much cavalry. Her losses must be great.

Now—these figures are impressive not to say expressive—expressive of the "big business horses are today, in the world.

America has perhaps 4,000,000 mares to breed from, but only a portion will be used for breeding purposes.

Russia, Japan and Germany started the war with some 2,250,000 animals in their armies, they are using them to a greater extent than anticipated.

We say today that horse business is big business—and must be so treated—we must breed our mares to maintain production.

Note—These figures are a collection of information from various sources—they are estimates it is true, but do not err on the side of inflation.

Stallions For Your Mares

In our Stallion Roster which we issued on January 22 of this year, there were listed 955 stallions in 36 states. We do not claim that they are all sent in to us. The states of Montana, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, all failed to do much. This probable is due to the fact that the old Remount at Robinson had ceased to function as such. During this month we hope to fill some of the blanks, though this we cannot guarantee. It does show that there are plenty of Thoroughbred stallions available and well scattered. Then there are the great numbers of draft horses and jacks, in case the mares in question are to go to that kind of stud.

Our own listing, commercially has been a good one, for reference we are here listing them and where they stand. No special order of merit is followed, just as we find them in the back files of The Chronicle. It will facilitate checking as to their availability from the standpoint of reaching them, under present difficult conditions.

- Okapi, standing at Brookmeade, Upperville, Va.
- Psychic Bid, standing at Brookmeade, Upperville, Va.
- Pilate, standing at Montana Hall, White Post, Va.
- Milkman, standing at The Plains, Va.
- Ceq D'Esprit, standing at Clifton Farms, Berryville, Va.
- Demonstration, standing at Twin Lakes Farm, Goldens Bridge, N. Y.
- Imp. Blenheim II, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Imp. Sir Gallahad III, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Gallant Fox, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Johnstown, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Omaha, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Imp. Rhodes Scholar, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Imp. Boswell, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Hard Tack, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Snark, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Stimulus, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Fighting Fox, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Imp. Isolater, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Imp. Jacopo, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Imp. Hypnotist, standing at Claiborne Stud, Paris, Ky.
- Flares, standing at Ellerslie, Charlottesville, Va.
- Pompey, standing at Ellerslie, Charlottesville, Va.
- Tintagel, standing at Ellerslie, Charlottesville, Va.
- Crack Brigade, standing at Fair Acres, West Town, Pa.
- Lovely Night, standing at Elsmere Farm, Lexington, Ky.
- Charley O, standing at Rockridge Farm, Leesburg, Va.
- Annapolis, standing at Montpelier, Montpelier Station, Va.
- Battleship, standing at Montpelier, Montpelier Station, Va.
- Imp. Maraton, standing at Bedminster Stock Farm, Bedminster, N. J.
- Double Scotch, standing at Windsor Farm, Upperville, Va.
- Pasteurized, standing at Devon, Pa.
- Stepenfetich, standing at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va.
- Great War, standing at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va.
- Night Lark, standing at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va.
- Bonne Nuit, standing at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va.
- The driving pony stallion, standing at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va.
- All the pure bred percherons, standing at Llangollen Farm, Upperville.
- The following Cleveland Bays:
- Farnley Leader, standing at Greensburg, Pa.
- Imp. Lord Westerdale, standing at Brampton, Ontario, Canada.
- Imp. Morning Star, standing at Avon, N. Y.

- Farnley Favorite, standing at Warsaw, Mo.
- Farnley Topper, standing at Madison Mills, Va.
- Imp. Glenholme, standing at Newtown Square, Pa.
- Glenstar, standing at Newtown Square, Pa.
- Imp. Cleveland Farnley, standing at Farnley Farm, White Post, Va.
- Imp. Orion, standing at Farnley Farm, White Post, Va.
- Farnley Skyrocket, standing at Hagerstown, Md. (RR. 1).
- Imp. Fryup King, standing at Princess Anne, Md.

The ponies:

- Imp. Bowdler Brightlight (Welsh), standing at Farnley, White Post, Va.
- Imp. Hey Nonny (Dartmoor), standing at Farnley Farm, White Post, Va.

They are a tidy lot, generally speaking it boils down to a matter of proximity to and facilities for reaching any especial stallion. Reports coming to this office indicate a greater use of stallions than was anticipated, many stables stating they have never done so much business. It is heartening.

Tom Watson

Continued from Page One

out the night he acted as spotter for the artillery, placed far to the rear of us. Our guns were thundering a magnificent response. They hurled their shells over us in a ceaseless bombardment of the advancing enemy forces, just where we needed them, right into the laps of the Japs. That night Watson was a private first class. The next day, in the field, he was made a second lieutenant. Now that is how Tom Watson started out in his career as a Marine. But harking back to him, I have known Tom for quite a few years, he was the right hand man for Fontaine when she had the attractive and efficient stables for the Cavalier Hotel at Virginia Beach. Tom handled the colored boys with a firm hand, never too busy to have an eye on everything, always ready to pitch in and clean tack. Took folks from the hotel for rides, instructed kids as they should be taught, mincing no words with them. Rode jumpers in the ring and over timber and hurdles with credit. Saw to it that Fontaine didn't overdo herself, as she would do if given a chance, for her energy is marvelous. Then at night, if the occasion arose, Tom would dress up in his immaculate white jacket and summer dinner duds and escort Fontaine to the Beach Club. When young Pat Thraves was a small kid, Tom acted as sort of papa to her, with timely advice he helped mold what is now an exceedingly attractive and accomplished young woman. I always felt Tom would make good in the army, he had that about him, apart from the fact that he is an outstanding "Georgia Gentleman." So there he is now, the Army has missed him but the Marines have gained an officer of value—incidentally, Fontaine sized up his value long before

the Marines knew of him, for as we said, she is Mrs. Watson, and has been for some time. What a grand life they will live together when he comes back, and they both deserve it. They now have a farm near Gordonsville. Fontaine's other daughter is the widow of a bomber officer of repute who was killed in the Pacific, daughter Mercy has turned round and is nursing and Fontaine says, "See you soon, I'm coming home and bringing the two babies to raise on the farm"—I suppose with the rest of the colts, for Mercy's kids will be well worth raising with the best. Then in years to come, what yarns those kids will have their "Grandpa" tell them of the days back on Guadalcanal. D. L. H.

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DEVON, PA.

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page One

Valdina Orphan or Requested, with the former having the likelier chance.

Both of these colts finished in the ruck. While the winner turned up in nothing less than **Marriage**, probably the first 7 year-old gelding that ever made the list of \$100,000 winners.

Marriage was one of the sensations of 1942, when he won three big handicaps, including the \$25,000 one at Washington Park, Chicago, in which he defeated the great **Alsab**.

His winnings for that season alone were just short of \$60,000; together with his previous ones they brought his total, as of January 1, 1943, up to \$93,405; and as 1st money in Saturday's stake must have been around \$20,000, it will be seen that he now has a very nice margin above \$100,000 to his credit.

And yet—believe it or not—he was tossed into the New Orleans Handicap at but 115 lbs., though **Valdina Orphan** was given 126 lbs., **Requested** and **Rounders** 124 each, **Riverland** 122 and **Mioland** 120.

Regarding which eccentric allotment about the only possible comment would read as follows:—

!!!! !!!!!- ?????? ????- ?? !!
Well, at any rate, Virginia gets the credit of producing the first addition to the list of winners of \$100,000 or more for 1943.

For **Marriage** was bred by the late Admiral Cary T. Grayson, at his Blue Ridge Stud, Upperville, and foaled there in 1936.

At the time of his death, Admiral Grayson had not as yet inscribed his name on the roster of breeders of 6-figure winners. But since that sad event, which occurred in 1938, two have come forward, the first being **Market Wise**, who closed last season with a total of \$143,690.

Marriage's sire is Imp. **Strolling Player**, the English horse that the Admiral imported as a 2-year-old, at a cost of \$60,000, that proved a disappointment as a winner but that is doing much better as a getter of winners.

His dam—whence his name—is **War Wedding**, by **Man o'War**. That he derives a lot of his capacity from that side of the house may be taken for granted.

His history has been a series of ups and downs.

At the time of Admiral Grayson's death he was a member of his racing stable, but a 2-year-old and as yet never started. He was sold at its dispersal and brought \$5,300.

As a 2 and 3-year-old he was raced by his buyer, S. C. Register, in a small way and with very modest success, his winnings for those two seasons being less than \$5,000.

At 4 he went amiss and did not start.

At 5 he reappeared, as a gelding; and, being started in a claiming race, price \$1,000, and winning it, was promptly grabbed off by a "halter man", who, the next week, started him back in a similar event, this time marked up to \$1,400. He again won, passed to new owner and the former one must have congratulated himself upon having made a neat little speculation.

The man who claimed him the second time was that prince of all halter-men, Hirsch Jacobs, the auburn-haired expert who has saddled more winners than any other trainer in America for 9 out of the past

Several Well-Filled Show Classes Added To Riviera Gymkhana

BY TOM PILCHER

The Riviera Country Club held its second Gymkhana of the year on Saturday, February 20th. Some horse show classes were added, which were surprisingly well filled, with competition keen, particularly with the junior contestants. Tom Pilcher judged all events.

An outstanding class of the day, was the model hunters, with some fourteen entries lined up. First ribbon went to the Imp. chestnut mare **Candlelight**, by **Swift and Sure**, a beautiful type, brim full of quality owned by the C and C stables. **Charing Cross** was second, a very good type of a middle weight out of the same stable. **Comet** a nice type of a light weight, that looked like going well to hounds, was third, another entry of that stable.

The Open Horsemanship for children, 16 years and under, again found that outstanding little horsewoman, Frances Zucco as easy winner, Marjorie Durant, whose real ability does not show in horsemanship classes was second with a newcomer in Mary Head in third place, showing good form and should win many ribbons in the future.

The Western Class, always a colorful one, was won rather easily by Garry Cowen, beating out his father, Major Bill Cowen, who got into third place. Nancy Campbell was second, with a very handy easy working pony.

Hunter Hacks brought out fourteen entries, Miss Frances Zucco was the winner with her well mannered mare **Jackette**, second ribbon went to the C and C stable's **Comet**, showing a nice easy ride, with **Copper Lustre** third owned by Marjorie Durant.

Minnie Wanamaker an improving jumping rider pulled a surprise one by winning the open jump from some twenty entries with the well known **Ric Ferine**, not an easy horse to ride, Marjorie Durant and Frances Zucco jumped off for second and third place with **Copper Lustre** and **Jackette**, and finished in that order, the juniors walking away with all the spoils in this class.

10 years—about 99 per cent of them being halter horses:—to wit, steeds taken out of claiming races for small prices.

Jacobs, who surely has a way with him, found him a lucky purchase, as with him he won 6 races in a row, then 3 more (1 a stake).

In a luckless hour, however, Jacobs could not resist running so good a horse in claiming races so he dropped him into yet another, priced at \$5,000. Again he won—and again he was claimed, by another well-known halter-man, R. A. Coward.

Coward, who, like Jacobs, trains his own horses, unlike him, has frozen to the speedy chestnut. If the pun be not too unpardonable, while his **Marriage** may not be until death do them part, the alliance thus far has shown all the earmarks of durability.

That is to say, R. A. Coward still owns **Marriage** and in his colors that horse has most of the over \$100,000 now to his credit.

Is it too much to entitle this tale another "romance of the turf?"

Portland Notes

Saturday, January 23 was the date of the marriage of Mary Drinker and Lt. Jack C. Whiteside at Fort Sill, Okla. They will make their home there temporarily. Both are very well known in this vicinity for their interest in riding and also for their welcome presence at the shows throughout the city and state. Mrs. Whiteside owned the late **Governor**, a 16.2 ttyp hay gelding which was the most outstanding conformation hunter in this territory for several years. She now has the brown Thoroughbred mare, **Patrunella** by **Bewithus** and is training her for future competitions. We offer them our sincere congratulations and wish them pleasant riding on the trails of life.

Riviera Notes

By TOM PILCHER

Saddle Creaks From California

Harry Ditisheim has gone to Columbia University. He was farewelled by Cocktail and Supper party at the home of popular father, Hanns. More than 65 guests were present . . . Charles Huthsing and Bill Clinton have 40 cows to milk and care for at the new Huthsing Rondondo Ranch. We regret these labours keep the athletic boys from our polo fields . . . George Zucco is back in the saddle; and others we like to see on our group rides:—H. Royce Greenwood, Jerry Lambert, Harvey Ellis, Werner and Senta Illing, Isabel Huthsing, Charles Dumazert, Jerry Powell,

Charles Wilson, Yvonne Hochstadter, Doris Stone, Commander Muriel Elwood . . . You should look over the "C and C" stable—Miss Gladys Charles and Captain Pat Conar are joint owners of six thoroughbred hunters and steeplechasers. Names of the grand blue blood equines:— **Channel Crossing** by **Iron Crown**, **Cocktail** by **Vessington King**, **King Charles** by **Little Pebbles**, **Comet** by **Golden Bear**, **Candlelight** by **Swift and Sure**, **Crusader** by **Richfield**. If you admire really noble horses, you must certainly visit the "C and C" barn, at No. 1 Polo Field.



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Beagles



Treweryn Beagles

Sunday, February 14th, was a bitter cold, winter day. Although the sun shone bright, a biting gale blew out of the north freezing tight the snow covered countryside. When Treweryn hounds met their 3 o'clock fixture at the Thomas Brothers' Farm, the mercury stood at 18 degrees and was gradually dropping as the chill winter wind swept ever stronger over hill and dale. Five extremely enthusiastic beaglers braved such adverse conditions to meet hounds this day when the majority of Treweryn followers were quite content to enjoy their afternoon's sport recalling the season's many good hunting days in front of warm open fires.

At the appointed hour the 12-couple Treweryn pack moved off from the meet to draw across the large bean stubble field of the Thomas farm. The 13-inchers spread well and hunted eagerly across the white, frozen countryside in search of their long-eared quarry. Drawing on north into Providence Farm, it was about 3:25 when hounds worked up to a big, old hare in the sheltered cornfield south of Chuckswood woods. With a ringlug burst of music the pack raced screaming away on a long, driving sight chase up across the open fields toward Happy Hill. Neither the fleet-footed jack nor the driving pack of hounds left scarcely a mark on the snow's hard, frozen crust. When the speedy hare disappeared from view around Happy Hill, not the faintest trace of scent remained on the dry, crusted snow. The keen nosed little hounds searched ever so hard for the faintest clue which might disclose the trail their quarry had taken, but to no avail. The bitter cold wind had blown away every vestige of scent; and, try as they might, hounds were never once able to speak the line.

After drawing back into the Thomas farm, it was decided to take hounds in, for scent was simply non-existent this icy day. Hunt staff and followers promptly made for Sweet-

water where the Edward B. Smith's had kindly invited the few frozen but happy beaglers to tea.

It is indeed hard to believe that by the following Sunday, February 21st, the mercury had climbed to almost the 60 degree mark. But it most certainly had done just that; and, under the warm rays of the late February sun, almost every trace of snow had vanished from the open countryside. A field of 15 beaglers, many of whom had walked from nearby Daybesford station, met Treweryn hounds at the kennels this almost too warm, springlike afternoon. When huntsman, Bob Harrison, moved off from the 3 o'clock meet to draw across the broad, open Waynesborough pasture land with the 11-couple pack, a light, cooling breeze blew out of the northwest; and conditions were certainly 100 times more promising than they had been on that bitter, cold Sunday just one week before.

Although hounds searched eagerly and well as they drew south through the Leopard country, many likely looking fields failed to produce a hare; and it wasn't until 4 o'clock that the keen little pack suddenly opened with screaming cry and ran racing away in driving pursuit of a big hare which jumped up close by in the small pasture north of Buttonwood Farm. Away north the fleet jack led quickly disappearing from view over a rise of ground as the huntsman's horn sounded Gone Away. Upon losing sight of their long-eared quarry, hounds never so much as dwelt momentarily as they came to their noses for scent lay strong and breast-high this afternoon.

Straight away across Sidney Holloway's pasture land the driving 13-inchers ran at a flying pace, leaving the fleetest of followers many fields behind. Racing on with great cry and with never a check, the keen nosed pack carried the line on down the Leopard road for some 75 yards, crossing right handed into the rough, grown up Mulray fields. Presently hounds came upon their hare squatting in the tall weeds and hustled her away through the large fields of standing corn toward the kennels at top pace. Though mud lay ankle deep in the corn and followers were forced to walk, because it was nigh impossible to run, the mud did not seem to affect scenting in the least. On the pack raced at an even fast pace, giving their quarry but little time to tarry as she led away on a large right handed circle through this rough, muddy country.

Setting her mask to the south, the hunted hare headed back toward the Leopard from whence she had come. Staying glued to the line of their quarry, the merry little hounds

ran chorusing straight away and raced on right through the Cameron MacLeod property where the huntsman dropped his green coat and continued the arduous task of keeping the flying 13-inchers in sight in his shirt sleeves. With never so much as a moment's check, the screaming pack drove on through the Leopard and away south to the pasture where the run had started some 25 minutes before. Here the tiring jack jumped up once more in front of her relentless pursuers and led gamely away east through Homer Reed's.

Hounds ran on to a short check on the Leopard road where a cast by the huntsman put them squarely on the line of their quarry which led down through a field of tall yellow grass. Here the crafty hare had put in a sharp, looping double, for, as the eager pack worked on down into the tall weeds, she was viewed back across the road from whence she had just come by members of the field. Presently hounds were brought back and, working with noses ever close to the ground, they proclaimed the fresh scent with ringing cry. Away the merry beagles raced once more back toward the Leopard and on into the Holloway farm where they ran into their beaten quarry in the open. After this hard, driving hunt of 40 minutes, 11-couple of Treweryn hounds received the reward they so greatly deserved.

Treweryn's acting joint-masters, Buddy MacLeod and Stockton White, presented the mask to Miss Nancy Hunter, one of the very keenest of Treweryn followers, who can stay along with the best of them when hounds are driving on across the rolling countryside. As the hunts-

Eleven Levels

Dear Beagle Editor:

Your columns have promoted interest here, at Eleven Levels, in developing a pack of beagles. I have one utterly charming little year old bitch and am in search of a mate for her. Can you help me? By that I mean if you happen to hear of an available young dog with points and disposition will you please let me know? Must be 13 inches or under.

I plan to raise my dogs as pets as well as hounds. They have the run of the house and few hundred acres.

We enjoy your columns enormously.

Sincerely yours,

Edna Root

Eleven Levels Farm
West Mountain Road
Bridgefield, Conn.

man's horn called hounds home after this red letter sporting day, it was back to the Cameron MacLeods' where hot tea and refreshments awaited some very weary beaglers.

—R. P. W. H.

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Of the 17 2-year-olds, 15 showed form as high and in most cases considerably higher than their dam's.

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A Personage of the Chase



By SAMUEL J. HENRY

'Tis said of Voltaire that he came into the world with one leg in the grave and the other in the boudoir, but this is to tell about a sportsman who, early in life, planted both feet in the irons where, thanks to nerves of steel and superb horsemanship, they remain to this day.

Many men are dead on their feet at fifty, buried at sixty, and forgotten at seventy, yet Harry Worcester Smith, three score ten and better, rides to hounds, writes terse and vigorous English, and blends the bourbon of youth with the rye of age. There he sits on his wiry Thoroughbred, a qualified and worthy Master Fox Hunter, his hair gray, eyes of piercing blue, courage undaunted, heart gay.

Coursing through the veins of this dynamic character is the blood of a Neanderthal hunter who, first of mankind to domesticate the horse, next learned the art of riding, whereupon with the weird bellowings of his horn hurtling through the primeval wilderness, he and his ferocious wolf dogs raced off to the kill. Add to these dawn-man qualities the poetic spirit of Somerville, the racy humor of Jorrocks, the rugged sportsmanship of Osbaldeston, and the sum total again indicates Harry Worcester Smith—none other.

Let it be said that Harry Worcester Smith suffers from no inferiority complex. Superior men never do. A modern and yet a primitive, such a man is entitled, by reason of unique endowments, to possess within the core of his personality a conscious self valuation which, far from being offensive, is to his compeers positively delicious. For Harry Worcester Smith transmutes

the aristocrat's attitude of mind, by a deft use of industry and culture into a virtue that many persons, with benefit to their friends and themselves, could copy with great advantage.

When men change their abode they take with them their body but not their soul. Not so dear old Harry Smith. From cold, stern Massachusetts he brought the fine, energetic spirit of New England into the mellow, leisurely South where it fitted snugly and gracefully and found an affinity deep rooted in the Southerner's love of horse and hound. In fact I sometimes suspect he is a re-incarnated Cavalier.

Sport, I regret to state, is seldom dressed in the habiliments of art, nevertheless, the pursuits and foibles of this extra-ordinary man have taken a wide and varied range. Harry Worcester Smith gathers rare volumes, as well as paintings and fine bronzes; he transports a pack of hounds, Thoroughbred hunters and a princely retinue across the Atlantic—all for the chase of the fox.

He carries over into our time the genius of Troye, that gifted painter of the blood horse, and places on it a justified emphasis. In two scarlet bound volumes—"A Sporting Tour Of England, Ireland and France"—our Smith tells of his exploits abroad. The clan Skinner he immortalizes in "A Sporting Family of the Old South." And when many a tawdry literary phase of our civilization and our culture has been forgotten, these works of the chase and the soil and the high quest of life will continue to stand out in their pristine and enduring beauty.

IN THE SERVICES



PFC Jack H. Murphy wrote us a few weeks ago thanking us for The Chronicle and saying it had helped him during a prolonged stay in the hospital. We are glad to have this shot of him to present.



Colonel John W. Downer, commanding Camp Upton, L. I., has recently been reported as taking a review of the 145 WAACS at his station. Col. Downer made a short but as usual appropriate speech of welcome to the new addition to his command. During the last war Colonel Downer, in command of a unit of the Artillery of the 1st Division, after the Armistice was stationed on the Rhine where he was prominent in the polo and horse show activity of the days of the Occupation. John is shown here before a polo game in Coblenz in 1920. He may land there again.



Ensign Colin C. MacLeod, Jr., is a familiar figure round Middleburg, where he makes his home at Huntlands. This farm is noteworthy as the headquarters of Joe Thomas who had his kennels there at one time. A perfectly modelled installation, complete in every detail. Ensign MacLeod has a band of brood mares and raced and trained his own string, prior to entry into the service. He is prone to believe in the imported French horse, BELFONDS, now dead, and had colts from him. The MacLeod offerings sold well at Saratoga and he was successful with the horses he trained on the track. He has completed all his basic training and is now to go on active duty at one of the operational training centers. All the luck in the world is the wish of The Chronicle.



Chuck Christiansen, young son of Dr. P. J. Christiansen of Bennington, Nebraska, upon reaching his 17th birthday, left his first year at Creighton University in order to be put to good use in some of the mounted services. He and his dad went to Omaha, tried the Coast Guard Mounted Patrol, but there were no such uses there in Omaha, they made the rounds of the postoffices where recruiting was carried on, without success. He was too young for the Navy Air Corps. The youngster is still trying, here's hoping he will land. Why not try Riley? Chuck's trouble is underweight, so that will probably end by lots of feeding.

Notes From Great Britain

By J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH

Difference In Horsemanship And Jockeyship Explained By Late Capt. Rogerson

Many of us were very interested to note that at the last Newmarket Sales Mrs. J. Rogerson of Hurworth, had bought a promising young horse to put into training. Her husband (Capt. Rogerson), who in the last war was in the 15th Hussars, has always been interested in racing as one would expect in view of his father (the late Capt. J. E. Rogerson), having long been an owner, steward at many meetings, and practically running the now defunct Shinccliffe National Hunt fixture. He was also long Master of the North Durham Hunt, and, prior to his marriage, a keen amateur steeplechase rider. Mention of him awakens a train of thought which I think will interest many readers. Once when the late Captain and I were at Captain (now Sir John) Renwick's at Malton, watching a lot of his horses do work on Langton Wold, Capt. Rogerson made these remarks, "If you cut the reins of most of the jockeys, apprentices and stableboys I've seen riding this morning, they'd fall off. They have no 'hands', they ride so short they have no grip and simply hang on by the reins. I don't think there's a horseman amongst them, and there's no wonder that racehorses have no mouths". This raises the question of the distinction between "a good horseman", and "a good jockey". There is a very real and marked difference. One finds abundant evidence of it in many flat races, but especially in steeplechases, and in the hunting field. That famous amateur rider (later Jockey Club Starter), Mr. Arthur Coventry, often spoke of "the difference between the horseman and the mere jockey", and once laid it down that "The latter understands the craft of riding races. He is equal to the ordinary demands upon him. But the horseman's knowledge is wider than this. He knows all the jockey knows and more. To merit the higher title he must possess in intimate acquaintance with the horse, a readiness of determination, a promptitude of resource, which would not be confidently expected from the mere jockey."

Jockeys Who Hunt

Quite a lot of flat race jockeys who have got to the top of the tree in their profession, have gone in for hunting, in some cases to keep their weight down during the winter, in others because of their love of the sport. Very few of them have shown any real ability as horsemen. What one means by this is the knowledge of how to put horses at their fences, to steady them so that they jump off their hocks, to save their mouths to enable them to last a long day, and to handle a horse in a double bridle in a workmanlike way. There are a few exceptions—the Beasley brothers go well across country, so do Michael Beary, J. Dines, Harry Grant and a few other flat race jockeys I could mention. Mr. Jack Colling (ex-jockey, now trainer), is bad to beat to hounds, as was his father. On the whole, however, good flat race jockeys are rarely good horsemen. They are up

to all the tricks of race riding, but have little knowledge of real horsemanship, against which their short leathers, snaffle-bridles, and hanging on to a horse's mouth, all militate. Few of them possess the true horseman's skill to "make" a young horse; few of them can even keep in the saddle if a horse "plays up", or pecks. In steeplechases one sees far more horsemanship amongst amateurs than professionals, although the latter may be more adept at finesse, cunning and what is known as "kidding", which sometimes enables them to steal races. In the hunting field many jockeys have made sorry exhibitions of themselves, and have convinced us that however clever they may be on a race track they lack the essentials of horsemanship. In this connection one is reminded of the old lines:

A hand that is light but steely firm,
A knee that nothing can shift;
Sympathy, courage, a quiet voice,
There are the horseman's gift.

Who Was The Lightest Jockey

The other day I was at Reeth, a few miles above the Yorks Turf centre of Richmond, and called on Dr. Speirs, a good local sportsman. He showed me a picture of Billy Peirse, a once famous jockey and Richmond trainer, and another picture of Whitehaven racecourse, on which veterans will remember a popular meeting being held. The picture of Peirse was given to the doctor by Miss Peirse, a patient of his, just prior to her death. I have wondered if she was the granddaughter of "Billy", who was sent to a Richmond chemist for the "dope" he took as an old man, and was in error given a wrong bottle which killed the Belleisle trainer. By a strange coincidence on the day following my visit to Reeth, I was asked to settle a big bet as to whether Peirse was the lightest jockey who ever rode in a race. This is a disputed matter in Turf history regarding which there have been many wagers, and one which is difficult to settle once and for all. Let us first deal with Billy Peirse. The only record we possess of his weight is that when he rode his first race (which he won on the old Brass-side race course near Durham), his bodily weight was "about 3st 7 lbs." When he became a trainer at Belleisle, Richmond, (now owned by Mr. Harry Peacock and the home of the Osborne family), he had under his charge one of the biggest strings of horses in the north. The rather indefinite statement as to his weight certainly does not constitute him the lightest jockey to have ridden in a race, for it is reliably recorded that Kitchenar (not Kitchenar as usually written), walked 3st 4 lbs, when he won the Chester Cup on Red Deer. He had a year or two before this ridden in public at Ascot when his bodily weight was 2st 1 lb., only, and so to him almost certainly goes the distinction of having ridden at a less bodily weight than any other jockey. When he won the Chester Cup there must have been every confidence in him for Lord George Bentinck backed Red Deer to win him £100,000. The winner was a high-couraged horse, but Kitchenar seems to have managed him all right in the race although (according to a contemporary writer) "the colt took him back to the Deeside turn of the course before he could pull him up". My old friend, the late Mr. George Stafford Thompson, one of the best gentlemen jockeys of my day, as a boy rode in a

race at York (catchweights) 2 st 7. George Fordham won the Cesarewitch when he weighed 3st 12, and all he received by way of a present was a Bible and a gold-mounted whip inscribed "Honesty is the best policy." John Daley was 3st 10. when he rode in his first race, and when Teddy Martin first had a mount in the Cesarewitch he walked 3st 10. The early Racing Calendars do not even give the names of some of the tiny light-weights, merely describing them as 'a feather'. It is not likely that any of them beat Kitchenar's record, which will probably stand for all time as being the lightest at which a jockey has ridden.

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The Chronicle

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THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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Editorials

THINK IN TERMS OF THE OTHER FELLOW

Down in Guadalcanal a soldier passes his Captain, getting ready to move on up to battle position, which would last all night, the probability was, says the private to the captain, "suppose we get time and a half for this, huh, Captain?" Do you see what it meant, those men over there knew about these strikes, for higher wages, hour adjustments and other cowardly grievances.

Another enlisted man lying in Walter Reed Hospital, fresh from North Africa, commenting on the present Boeing episode (too good a word for it), says, "We who have lain in shell holes watching the skies for bomber or fighter plane help which failed to appear feel pretty bitter about the whole thing. In the Army, acts less treasonable than this are punishable with death before a firing squad."

These men are dead right, nothing could fill any decent thinking and acting American with more disgust and anger than the action of these strikers, who fail to THINK IN TERMS OF THE OTHER FELLOW.

It is our belief that our readers are wholly in accord with our sentiments on the matter, it belongs with the right sporting spirit of the horseman.

Let us not fail to take the same attitude toward the production of horses, animals to ride and haul with. It is not a question of "walking out", but a question of having that mare bred. One production is halted in one way, another by a different action, or inaction, both mean the same thing in TERMS OF THE OTHER FELLOW.

Letters to the Editor

Povich's Column

These two letters referring to the article by Povich are sufficient to emphasize the attitude all clean Americans take when such ludicrous copy is allowed to be published by our Free American Press. That perhaps is why it is allowed to remain free. Editor.

Mr. Eugene Meyer, Editor
The Washington Post,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

When in Washington a few days ago I picked up your paper of February 19th, 1943, and happened to see in your column "This Morning" an article belittling the effort, which

is being exerted to keep the sport of fox hunting going during the war.

I was disturbed by it, as it was so un-American, and displayed such an entire lack of understanding and knowledge of the feeling of our young men at the front.

When I looked at the article again, I discovered it was written by an individual by the name of Shirley Povich, and the article contained his photograph.

It was then more easy to understand, for surely this young man's name indicates that he is not an American, and the photograph substantiates the surmise that he is a neurotic character.

I personally resent this article, as

I have two sons fighting at the front in Tunisia. They are both devoted to the sport of fox hunting, as well as baseball and all other manly sports, and I never receive a letter in which an appeal and hope is not expressed that the sport be kept alive during their absence.

It seems too bad that the type of character, which this young man seems to depict, should be allowed to write such objectionable articles. Apparently he is satisfied to sit in Washington—a slacker, and perhaps it is better for him to do this, for I am sure that if he was ever forced into the Army, and happened to run across my boys and their hundreds of friends, he would receive the sound hiding, which he deserves.

Cowardly Shirley Povich—shame on you!

A. MOTHER

To The Chronicle:

In the Sports Section of the Washington Post for Feb. 19th, the column "This Morning" by Shirley Povich quotes Mr. Plunkett Stewart's letter to the M. F. H. Association about the desirability of carrying on foxhunting on a reduced scale during the war. In commenting on the letter, Mr. Povich indulges in a series of cheap witticisms which betray his ignorance of the subject, and attempts to discredit the fox-hunters now on the fighting fronts, as well as those who are trying to keep things going at home. Mr. Povich may have some reputation as a sportswriter, but his Feb. 19th column will hardly add to his reputation as a sportsman. Moreover he makes a tactical error in quoting so extensively from the letter in question. Mr. Stewart speaks with knowledge, sincerity and conviction, qualities which are noticeably absent in the comments of Mr. Povich. Undoubtedly the Sports Section of the Post would be better served in future, if its columnist were to devote himself to furthering instead of attacking the sports of its readers. A. Mackay Smith, White Post, Va.

Expert Witness

To The Editor.

I want to congratulate you on the splendid job you are doing with The Chronicle. I knew you were a horseman, polo player, and organizer, but I didn't know you were an Editor.

I consider myself an expert witness as I have been reading The Chronicle ever since it started, and it still is as it always was, the best sports paper for amateur horsemen in America. I enjoy "in the country" as it keeps you up with where the "rabbit-twisters" are doing their bit.

Will you please send the enclosed letter to Mr. Hervey in Chicago who writes under the pen name "By Salvator," as I do not know his address.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely,

Cel. P. B. Rogers.

Like Chronicle

To The Editor.

My son, Charles Jr., who is in the O. C. S. Fort Riley writes that all the boys look forward to reading The Chronicle each week.

With best wishes,

Very truly yours

Mrs. Charles Haynes

Durham, N. C.

Hillandale Stables.

Salvator's Supposition

To The Editor.

As a regular and very appreciative reader of your paper, I have always admired your editorial and reportorial policy of commenting and reporting in articles on the facts of the topic in question, regardless of any personal interest or bias that might be perhaps expected to influence such comment, by either editor or reporter, or contributor of articles.

I cannot, however, believe that the last paragraph of Mr. Hervey's article in reply to a letter from Col. Pleas Rogers, writing from England, which appears in this week's issue of The Chronicle reflects your belief in "Fair Comment", wherein he deliberately suggests that "millions of tons of food stuffs etc., and—billions of American dollars—under—lend-lease agreement, that have poured into England" from America, are the means with which British Breeders, racing men and sportsmen, have been able to pay "fantastic" prices for English bloodstock, although England has been at war for 3 years.

Mr. Hervey is admittedly no lover of the British Bloodstock industry, nor, should seem from his articles, an admirer of the English Thoroughbred, compared with the American Thoroughbred, and I would not venture to dispute the merits of either breed with him. But when he suggests that English bloodstock buyers can afford these prices because they are either "fooling the tax collector" as he puts it, or just plain converting America's lend-lease merchandise into cash, and using it to buy racehorses, it seems to me that he should be asked to substantiate his supposition and accusation, particularly with regard to the "billions of American dollars" of which he speaks. I am not very well up in "lend-lease", I will admit, but I did not think that dollars, as such, in any quantities, were one of the commodities which were sent to England under this agreement.

So far from any financial chicanery being involved, might not Col. Roger's explanation be logical—backed up by the belief of the English in the future of their bloodstock, and their resultant maintaining of the high prices their bloodstock has commanded in their own home market for years. Mr. Hervey's remark about it only having been high "for the last few months" notwithstanding.

The slump in American bloodstock prices does not enter into the discussion—I am merely concerned with raising my voice, small as it may be, in defense of a gallant people, whose sportsmen have never, to my knowledge, given any grounds for the cruel and unfounded accusation that Mr. Hervey makes against them.

The implication that American money or materials have been diverted, converted, or misapplied to the benefit of the bloodstock buyers and breeders of England in time of war, is, in my opinion, a monstrous statement.

To paraphrase Shakespeare, "I am no orator as Brutus (Mr. Hervey) is, but a plain, blunt man", and as such I make an effort to challenge Mr. Hervey's slur on the English—I could hope that someone more Oke than I would do the same. Eric W. L. Atterbury, 1217 Dealfield Place, Washington, D. C.

(Note:—It is with pleasure that Continued on Page Eleven

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Ten

we have this letter, we felt certain that the Salvafor column of the 19th would not go unchallenged, we were sure that someone other than ourselves would give tongue to the evident slant from which our good columnist views the letter by Col. Pleas Rogers. The answer which Salvafor will undoubtedly hasten to submit will be enlightening and also satisfy the curiosity. Thanks Mr. Atterbury, as the Spaniard would say:—"vamos a ver". Editor).

From Toronto

To The Editor:

I know it is sometime since you have heard from me, but this as you know, is our slack season and there is not anything of much interest to relate. I wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed Mr. Harry Worcester Smith's article about the well known artist Mr. Martin Stainforth. All my life, since I was a tiny girl my ambition has been to paint great horses. I always read all the material about sporting artists that I can get my hands on and have especially enjoyed The Chronicle articles on this subject.

I have always been a great admirer of Mr. Munnings and very much appreciated the writeup about him some weeks ago. I really think your paper is to be highly commended on its interest in art as well of course as keeping us posted on the latest news and much other valuable information on diverse subjects. I liked the reproductions of Mr. Stainforth's work very much. Thinking back I think I saw two of his paintings at Claiborne, when we visited Mr. Hancock in 1938. The artist was working on them at the time. I think one was of *Blenheim II* and the other Imp. *Sir Gallahad III*. I was very much impressed, my father told Mr. Hancock I was interested in art, so he took me in to see them.

Another artist who I think has done some fine work is Mr. George Ford Morris. No doubt you have seen the cover drawings he has done recently for the *Thoroughbred Record*. Perhaps if I keep following the bright stars of these great men, someday I may get up to the top ranks myself.

I have painted a number of Canadian horses including *Ten To Ace*, the winner of the King's Plate in 1942 and *Arbo Vita*, Canada's top ranking two year old last year. He is considered by most to be the logical choice for this year's running of the King's Plate. Also I have done *Wilfred G.* Mr. Gordon Perry's good steeplechaser. It is a real joy and a great pleasure to be able to paint horses like these, that you know are good ones.

There has been a rumour around Toronto that a number of horsemen are forming a syndicate to purchase some steeplechasers in the States, to race here in the spring, but I have been unable to get any definite information. If I can I will most definitely pass it on to The Chronicle. There seems to be a new wave of interest in steeplechasing here and it is only to be hoped that the tracks will respond with the proper kind of races for them. It would certainly help the sport if we could get more American stables to add to the competition.

There will be some new faces among the jumpers this year as Mr. H. C. Hatch has given Dr. R. K. Hod-

gson 3 green ones to school. *Frilure*, a winner on the flat is a bay filly by *Frissius* out of *Lurress*, is a half sister to the King's Plate winner *Gold Lure*. She will run over hurdles this year and is being schooled in Sifton's indoor arena. Dr. Hodgson also will train *Sun Commando*, a handsome little chestnut horse, for Mr. Perry, as well as his good old steeplechaser *Wilfred G.* Mr. Leigh McCarthy's *York Miller* will again go over the big ones. Mr. Elliot Cottrell will have *Limerick Lace* and a new green one. Mr. Darlington will run *Bummer Bill* again and has some green ones going too. Among them *Model C*, *Mary Barb* and some new entry. Mr. W. T. Northgrave's good little chestnut gelding *Carless Knight* by *Calaris* is in training again this year and Mr. Northgrave also has *Calson*. Mr. Jack MacNamara is training his own two, *Chinese Red* a very promising sort, and *Queen's Colours*, a mare he did well with last year. Mr. McNamara had a stroke of hard luck in losing *Carrying Time* by *High Time*. I believe he thought well of this horse which he started over hurdles last year and which won for him on the flat.

Just came in that Dr. R. K. Hodgson leaves tomorrow for Virginia to buy six steeplechasers to come back to Toronto. Sincerely, Adele Davies. Feb. 15.

Via Penn. And India

Gentlemen:

The enclosed letter may be of interest for publication. It will be well travelled by the time it arrives at your copy desk. Mr. McCullough is a genuine enthusiast of hounds, horses and hunting and you probably recall he came down to Virginia last summer for the Front Royal Virginia Horsemen's meeting.

It was interesting to get his viewpoint, but of course racing conditions have been under ever more drastic curtailment since his writing. 1st. Lt. Gerald B. Webb, Jr.

Dear Gerry:

Thanks again to the good old Chronicle for your present address.

Truly it keeps one busy praying for all of you fellows in the service. I have two brothers in the Navy, one of whom is in the southwest Pacific, plus of course a great many friends and acquaintances.

While reading your letter describing some of the conditions of racing in your current part of the world, it struck me again how so many of us like to complain when there is really little to complain about. Racing here, as you know, is greatly curtailed by both direct and indirect pressure but we still have not the difficulties at which you hinted. Our track, Garden State, has just been assigned 50 days for the 1943 season and has announced larger purses and more stakes.

My personal "beef" is the hunt meet and horse show situation. In Pennsylvania we had 2 meetings this fall; Whitmarsh and Rose Tree and both were moderately successful and with the exception of little private and local shows, Del'on show will be the only one this year.

However, if we can supply just enough activity to keep breeding and training, I am sure that the sport will return bigger and better than ever after "Mein Kampf" has been properly censored.

There is great consolation in seeing that very few hound packs have disbanded and while most packs are

hunting with very slight fields, they are nevertheless hunting. To date I have been with hounds but once this season and that in the middle of September. Being an engineer in a defense plant supplies the reason.

Good luck and good hunting.

Respectfully yours,

J. Robert McCullough.

Dec. 26, 1942

Primas, Pennsylvania.

Metope To Night Lark

Dear Chronicle:

Please record my change of address from 108 Rosemary Street, Chevy Chase, Md., to the above.

This is a great place out here but needless to say, I miss Virginia and Washington. There is not even a mule on this station to talk about. But the parachute jumpers are thick as flies. You have to carry an umbrella to keep them from lighting on you. Several hundred of them at a time in the air. No comfort to the enemy in that.

I have left instructions to have *Metope* sent down to Upperville to be bred to that 4-year-old colt of *Bonne Nuit's*. I hope it will nick and give me something worthwhile to go hunting on later on.

Sincerely,

George T. Walker,
Capt. U. S. M. C.

Feb. 22, 1943.

Camp Elliott, Calif.

(Editor's Note: After much discussion and thought, Capt. Walker finally decided to put *Metope* (Rathbeale—River Gnome, by Gnome), into the Virginia Gold Cup. He was an owner-trainer-rider in the Gold Cup but unfortunately came a cropper at the 5th jump. The 4-year-old son of *Bonne Nuit* is Mrs. M. E. Whitney's *Night Lark* who is out of the Imp. Coq Gaulois mare, Poulette and the only son of *Bonne Nuit* standing at stud.)

Should Be Encouraged

To The Editor.

I certainly was glad to see the Editorial by Margaret Cotter and hope you print some more like it.

If it is possible to hold small shows this summer they certainly should be encouraged. I know it means a great deal to us in the service to know that the people at home are carrying on. I think any horse-

man in the service will tell you that to be able to go to a show or race meeting when on leave really means a great deal.

If they are going to have any small shows around Philadelphia, I know I am going to show a couple of young ones if there is any way of having a day's leave.

Sincerely,

Evans Pancoast, U. S. C. G.
Sea Bright, N. J.

Pete And Louie

Dear Chronicle:

Here is another amusing story about Pete and Louie. After a very formal graduation ceremony Pete says to Louie, "How the hell do you put these here bars on", Louie, in typical fashion replies, "Ask Steve he knows," Bobby just told him "Ack Ack Baldwin says Bobby is again bucking for PFC."

Which reminds us of one about 1st Lieut. Bill Worrall now stationed at Camp Hale, which is worth retelling. As he was un-snow shoeing

Continued on Page Seventeen

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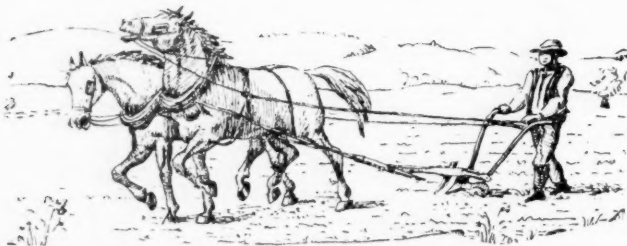
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DEVON, PA.

FARMING in WAR TIME



This Farming Business

By Castle Hill

Several months ago I went into this thing of farming moderately, principally because I do it myself, then because I thought others would like the idea. I don't know who read it, or whether they were in any way bitten by the bug of wishfulness. Anyway, it is still a good idea, as things are turning out in the affairs of this turbulent world. A comfortable feeling to have a farm, of good land, adequate water, diversified terrain, shade and shelter afforded where they should be; buildings that can be made usable without too much expense. The whole within reasonable distance of a pack of hounds, or some other sporting pursuit if you are not a hunting man, or even a horseman.

There need not be great financial outlay. Roughly \$50 an acre country is really good, the interest to be taken therefrom would amount to \$400 from a quarter section (160 acres)—not so much to make and that will be 5 per cent mind you. Of course you say you will invest much more than \$8,000, yes you will, but it will be improving your farm, your land, the value of the holding. The return from the place will be increased accordingly.

Cut your clothes according to the cloth. I remember the Tralls, down in the Argentine, had lived ahead of all they had, till the French banks cleaned them out of all but 5 leagues of land and no money left. Well, these wise old Irishmen sat back with the herds they had, bought bulls that were better than their cows, but still were not so good. They raised beeves, fed them as best they could, sold them not at top prices by any means, but they found a market. The chief thing was that they did raise beef and did have it to sell, the money they put into it was little indeed, they had none to use.

Next door to them were their nephews, the Dobbs brothers who had come over with some capital, unbounded energy, youth and no particular craze for horseracing and

other expensive sports, such as polo, cockfighting and so on. These brothers bought from Miller up here in the States, the best of polled Durham bulls, a fair number of clean bred cows here and there. They fenced, they grew alfalfa, they really raised fine beef—it took some time, but that was what they were after and they arrived. Their herds beside the Tralls, looked like something.

Now then, what happened from the financial angle. The Tralls still sent their boys to play polo in England, to go to school and college in England. They still lived comfortably, really well according to normal standards of living. They gradually reduced their indebtednesses, here and there. They made money, in other words from these beeves, because they spent little on them and always had a crop to sell. Then of course their herds did improve, because they used improved bulls all the time.

The Dobbs, also made money, but they worked like the devil, never had any fun, save a little spotty tennis. Their herds improved, they were never sure of their market, as it was a question of quality in small quantities rather than quantity at little cost.

So there you are. If you want to buy a farm, to have a place to live on some part of each year. Don't go stick your neck out a foot and spend a lot of money; start modestly, within what you consider the place can stand upon its basic value. Then try and build up, but each year have a harvest of something, a better quality harvest each year, and let that harvest go off on the hoof. You will enjoy it, and make a little money. Enough to hunt or otherwise carry on some sporting pursuit with. Think it over, now is a good time to go looking around for a likely spot to invest for the years to come when you will be glad to have a place to call your own, that doesn't cost all taxes and other expenses, but actually brings in some return, with your sports right outside your door.

Agriographs

Value of honeybees in production of fruits, vegetables and field crops is estimated at 10 to 15 times the value of the honey and beeswax the bees produce.

As alfalfa seed is both scarce and expensive, many farmers may wish to reduce the amount of alfalfa seed they use to the acre, and add to the seeding mixture a pound of ladino clover to the acre.

To prevent a huge demand for shipment of fertilizer in the spring months, farmers should fill out their

requests for fertilizer early, and thus permit the dealer to make many deliveries this winter.

A good woodlot can produce the 1,500 board feet of lumber that the buildings of the usual farm require each year for repairs, additions and replacements, and in addition will furnish fence posts, poles, and fuelwood.

One hundred hens should eat 25 to 35 pounds of feed daily, to maintain both good egg production and body weight.

Johnstone-Wallace, Cornell Professor, To Work in England

As we have been privileged to have Professor Wallace act for us in an advisory capacity on this page for the past 6 months, we feel that this report about his present activities is timely and will furnish our readers with information that will serve as an introduction to him upon his return to Cornell and this page. Editor.

Trying to help Great Britain increase home food production is the job accepted by Prof. D. B. Johnstone-Wallace of Cornell University, at the invitation of the British Ministry of Agriculture.

Granted a year's leave of absence from Cornell, he will take one of the top positions in wartime England—that of principal scientific officer and head of the agricultural department of the National Institute for Research in Agricultural Engineering, at Askham Bryan near York. His wife and daughter, Norah, who is a junior at Cornell, are also going to England and have volunteered for war service.

Working in one of three national institutes devoted to agricultural research, Professor Johnstone-Wallace's work will deal especially with the use of machinery and the development of mechanical processes in boosting food production, including grass silage for livestock, the dehydration of grasses and legumes, the plowing up of grassland and the production of other crops, and establishing new and highly productive pastures.

The Institute was removed recently from Oxford University to new buildings in the vicinity of York where large-scale farming operations can be carried on.

The Cornell professor pointed out that before the war Great Britain produced only 40 per cent of her food supply, but now is producing 66 per cent. To achieve this, more than six million acres of "the world's finest grassland", including golf courses, lawns, parks, pastures, and meadows, were plowed to grow potatoes, wheat, and other crops suitable for human use. It is his hope that he can help to raise this production still more, for the presence of American troops increases the need for food supplies, and food produced there lessens the need for shipping.

The choice of Johnstone-Wallace is a natural one since he is a native of England, knows the country, and at one time (1919-22) was on the faculty of the University of Leeds in Yorkshire. He was also organizer of agricultural education for the county of Devon and later principal of the East Anglian Institute of Agriculture. During the last war he served as a Captain of the Royal Garrison Artillery in the British Army.

He went to Cornell in 1931 as agrostologist (grass expert) in the agricultural experiment station, and assistant professor of agrostology in the University. He has been responsible for directing pasture research at the college of agriculture, and his program has been widely followed throughout the eastern states and in eastern provinces of Canada. The Cornell professor is regarded as a leading authority in his work and has lectured in 23 states and two Canadian provinces.

Since 1939 he has tried to stimulate interest in food production

through lectures and articles on agriculture and the war. Prof. Johnstone-Wallace has also given much attention to problems of airport turf, and developed a plan of camouflaging airfields and runways from the prying eyes of enemy cameramen, while at the same time it offered hope for a greater saving of rubber tires through easier landings. His research work at Cornell, too, has been of value in soil conservation, silage and hay production, lawns, golf courses, and wherever grasses and legumes are grown.

HERD DIRECTORY

MARYLAND

ABERDEEN-ANGUS BEEF CATTLE
PERCHERON DRAFT HORSES
MONOCACY FARMS Frederick, Md.

VIRGINIA

CHAPEL HILL FARM
ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE
Herd sire Eric 2nd of Redgate 597295
T. B. and Bangs Accredited
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Chapel Hill, Berryville, Va.

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JOHN GEROW, Manager

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ONE SPOT WHERE THERE IS STILL SOME POLO

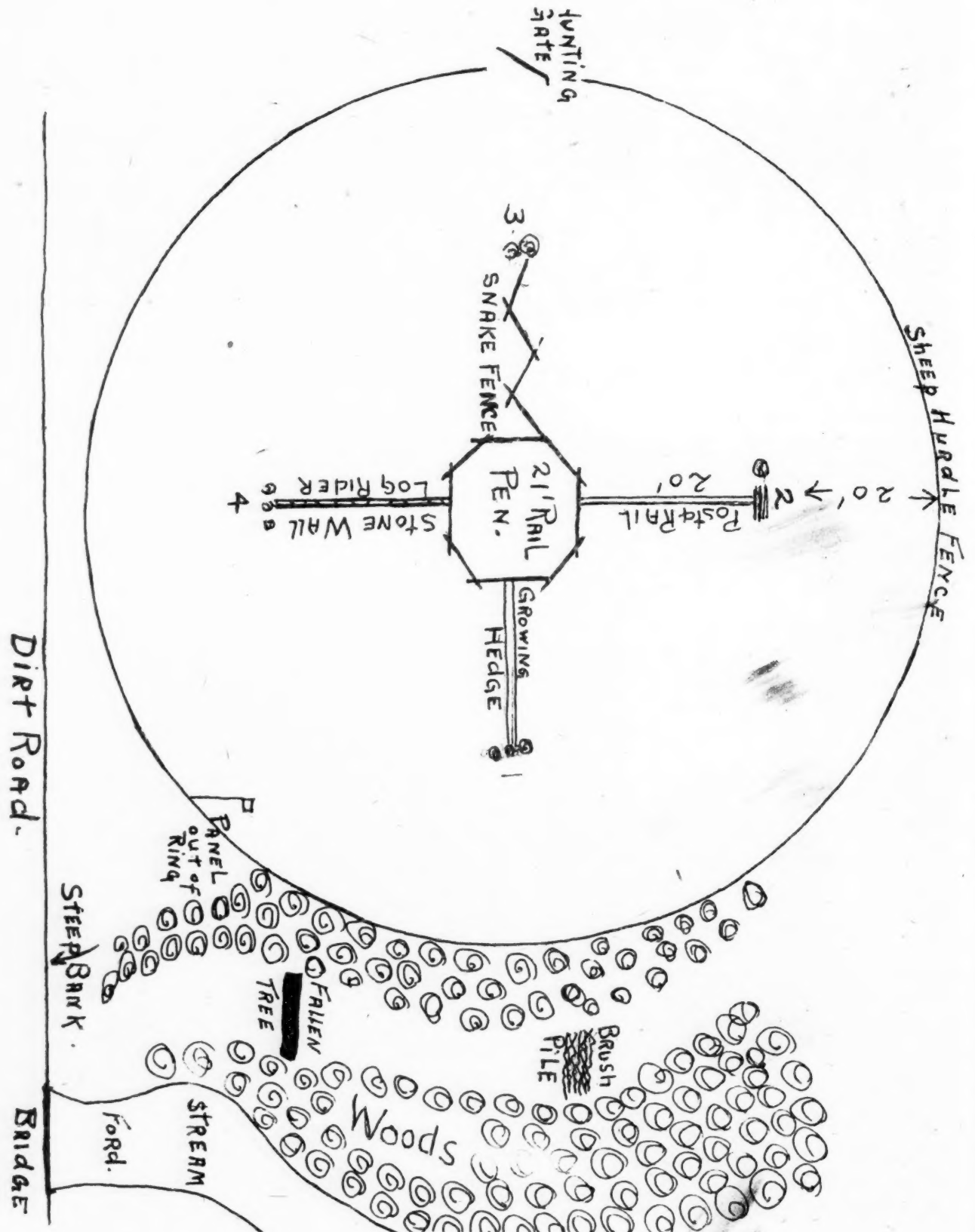


The Pinehurst Freebooters ride into combat in formation. L. to r., Charles Swope, Edgar Taylor, B. R. Brown, David Evans, Mr. Fred Tegan, who is charge of polo at Pinehurst, Scotty Morris, Lt. Norman H. Snow, Lt. Walter M. Jeffords, Jr. and "June Bug" Tate. Games are played every Sunday at the No. 1 Polo Field, in Pinehurst, with Mr. Tegan's contagious laugh cheering the players.



This picture of ASCOT, a bay pony mare, 13 hands, owned and ridden by Miss Mabel Owen was sent us without comment or suggestion. We feel that ponies should be in the minds of many today and the way the ponies behave has much bearing on their value as mounts for children. This mare gives a good exhibition of what to look for in a nice going mount. Therefore we use it.

JUNIOR HORSEMANSHIP RING, TRYON, NO. CAROLINA



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Horsemastership

By MARGARET DE MARTELLY

HORSE SHOES

Mingled with the battle cry of "Para Cristo y Santiago" and the clash of the battle axes of Montezuma's warriors on steel clad Spaniards, the horse galloped into American history.

In the light of subsequent historical developments, it is safe to say that horses would certainly have to come to America through other sources. However, the advent of horses through the defeat of the fair god is a very colorful part of the early native history of North America. Also, it provided certain far reaching effects on our national development in which horses played a part.

Whether or not the Spanish campaign was an admirable one, the beasts they bestrode were of the purest strain. As some of the runaway horses of the army of Cortez became the foundation stock of our American range horses, the story of this event is appropos.

It provided a means of studying the horse in his native environment and comparing him with the domestic horse. The knowledge thus acquired serves as a governor and a balance to over-enthusiastic artificial provisions to replace the natural ones.

In many respects the development of the vast herds of range horses was retrograde. This was partly due to interbreeding and partly because there are times when even the wildest animal can profit by a little attention. Horses in certain types of terrain have sounder hoofs than others. In some sections, because of the type of the terrain, hoofs are worn smooth, in others they grow rapidly and sometimes break. Running in herds, they kick and injure each other and so on.

However, it is an acknowledged fact that nature's provisions for caring for a horse, especially his feet, are much the better ones. But to receive these benefits he must be in his native environment.

The more training a horse receives, the more defenses he develops. He probably would not respond unfailingly to a whistle or an entreaty. As it is impractical and disconcerting to pursue a charger or a hunter all around the "north forty", morning after morning, until you hear the commuters' train whistle, he must be stabled. Then nature needs assistance.

Moisture, which is essential to the normal growth of the horn of the hoof, is supplied, both by the circulation of blood and by the exterior sources such as mud and water. When a horse is stabled, the blood does not furnish sufficient moisture to keep the horn structures in good condition. The horn then, must be protected from wearing away at a greater rate than it grows. Therefore it is necessary to apply shoes to provide this protection.

The purpose of normal shoeing is to keep the hoof from breaking or wearing away too rapidly. At the same time a minimum amount of interference with the physiological function of the structures must be created. The purpose of pathological or corrective shoeing is to overcome faults which arise from acquired unsoundness or faults in the gaits.

Consistent faulty shoeing can

bring on unsoundness to the hoof and legs and it can create faults in the gaits.

The skillful farrier has, necessarily, a knowledge of the structure of hoofs and legs and anatomy in general. An amateur horse owner should have a basic knowledge of hoof and leg anatomy, the functions of the various parts and the relation of balanced gaits.

He can then avoid the disorders which arise from too seldom or improper shoeing. The most common faults are stumbling, forging, interfering and improper balanced gaits, such as the lateral swing of the hoofs or insufficient elevation of the feet.

The parts of the hoof are the horny structures, the sensitive structures, bones, tendons, cartilages and fatty tissue. The horny structures are the wall, sole and frog about one third of the area across the front is called the toe. The sides are called the quarters, they extend from the toe, back to the point where the wall turns inward and forward. These are called the bars. They run from the end of the quarters to the frog. The heels or buttresses are the parts behind the turn at the bars. The lower border is called the weight bearing surface. The frog is the wedge shaped mass of horn between the bars. The sole surrounds the frog and is raised from the ground. The sole joins the wall by means of a ring of soft horn called the white line. This white line is the guide when cutting away dead horn. Until it comes into view it is a green light, but when it is exposed it is a red light to a farrier's knife.

The bones of the hoof and pasterns are the long pastern, the short pastern, the coffin bone and the navicular bone. The articular cartilage forms a smooth surface where the bones meet in the joints. The lateral cartilages can be felt over the buttresses, at the coronary band and to the rear. They are fastened to the wings of the coffin bone and assist in expansion and contraction of the hoof during movement.

The sensitive structures are the laminae, the sensitive frog, the periople ring and the coronary band. Their function is to secrete the horny structures. The flexor tendons bend the leg and the extensor tendons extend it. The fatty tissue is the plantar cushion. Its function is to assist in reducing shock and to stimulate circulation.

Having familiarized himself with the foot structure and the function of the various parts, the amateur horseman then studies the posture of the horse. He notes the balance of the feet, their position in relation to the leg, the distribution of weight and the alignment of the foot with the column of the leg. He watches the horse in motion and notes the rapidity with which he "breaks over". He notes whether the movements are without halting or lateral swing or insufficient elevation to clear the ground. All of these can be controlled by the horseshoer. Irregularity in gaits, due to faulty conformation, cannot be corrected.

The farrier has a tremendous responsibility and a big job. In these days of help shortage he will appreciate a diagnosis from the owner. It will save him time and work.

In another issue we will discuss the preparation of the hoof and the application of the shoe. It is an in-

New Ring Planned For Junior Horsemanship Events At Tryon

By CARTER P. BROWN

The usual oval schooling or show ring has been replaced by an innovation in a circular ring about one hundred feet in diameter for the Junior Horsemanship Show at Tryon, N. C. To the casual observer the advantages of this type of ring are not recognized; but to those who in their youth have faced four fences with white wings making a shoot through which the horse charges at a set of unnatural obstacles, it does make sense. This new type of ring clearly requires horsemanship as well as mental alertness to follow the course.

The ring is enclosed in a sheep hurdle fence. In the center is an eight-sided pen built of rails twenty-one feet in diameter. Radiating from this pen on four sides and extending twenty feet in length are four natural obstacles, a stone wall with log rider, a post and rail, a growing hedge, and a snake fence. At the end of each jump is a growing bush which makes a wing. Between the end of these jumps and the sheep hurdle fence is a space about twenty feet wide which forms a track where horses may be worked at a walk, trot, and canter.

The variation in the use of the obstacles is unlimited and the horsemanship required is self evident. Just one example: Canter to the left taking fences 1 and 3, reverse, then jump 2 and 4, followed by a canter around the ring and jumping through the pen, entering between fences 1 and 2 and out between 3 and 4.

The purpose of this show is not to entertain the spectators but it is to ascertain the complete proficiency of the child. Each child enters the ring singly, bearing his score-card, which is handed to the Judge's secretary. In the jumping classes, after scoring on control, correct seat and hands, and use of aids at walk, trot, canter, the Judge proceeds to lay out a course suitable to the child in the ring, the scoring on each jump made by the secretary for the Judge as he dictates. The more proficient riders are given more difficult courses. After finishing the jumps the child is asked five questions pertaining to parts of the horse, equipment, common faults or blemishes, hunting etiquette, hunting terms, and questions relating to the sport. These questions are varied and no two children are asked the same questions. For the enlightenment of the audience as well as the other children, the questions and answers are repeated by the ring master. Where wrong answers are given, the Judge gives the correction.

There are four classes. 1, Children on lead line who are beginners; 2, Children who do not jump but can manage their mounts. They show at a walk, trot, and canter, and answer three simple questions. They are required also to unsaddle and resaddle in the ring; 3, Children who jump, and 4, Children who ride to hounds. There is no age limit in any class. The child's own idea of his qualifications determines the class in which he shows. In Class 4, there is a varied course inside the ring, followed by a varied outside course, which is varied also according to the rider, the more proficient required to negotiate a more complicated course. No

interesting subject to every horseman, though he may never wield a sledge or cut a clinch.

It is amusing to note how far, in this chapter we have travelled from Cortez and his conquest of Mexico.

two riders jump these fences in the same order, hence alertness and memory in following orders play a big part.

Since the score-card shows each child his faults and good points, and the total score is added, there is no doubt as to who is the best horseman. Each child retains his own score-sheet and thus he can find his faults and if truly interested corrects them.

For three years this show has been held during the Easter vacation, and its interest has been increasing yearly; but best of all is the eagerness of the young exhibitors to be true horsemen rather than just images who sit right, hold their reins right, and know their proper leads at a canter.

This type of show is fair to each child because of being judged individually. No one is more alert to fairness or keener to correct a mistake if pointed out in a kindly manner, than a child. From the future standpoint these now children will be the members of the field on whom a Master can count. They will hunt because of their love of the sport.

Horsemanship classes in most shows are too casually passed over. Inefficient judging frequently occurs, when the judgment is based on horse rather than ability and knowledge of rider. Skimpy prizes often occur in these classes, and far worse is the fact that children leave the ring with no idea as to what are their shortcomings. The proper name for such classes would be Best Child Rider.

Children who know nothing about equipment, care and feeding, parts of horse, common faults, and why certain precautions and etiquette are necessary, lose the real essence, and may become disinterested. Horse shows should be educational as well as entertaining. Therefore, for the spectators at our little horsemanship show, the sets of questions are passed out for the audience to check right or wrong while the children's scores are being totaled. The scores of most of the spectators wouldn't bear reading aloud. The future of the sport is assured in the old adage, "Once you get the dust of horse on you, you can't get it off." (See diagram on opposite page.)

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WAR and the HORSE



The Cavalry Mount Must Be Free Goer

These two letters were sent to us by Colonel Edwin M. Summer, we have the privilege of using them, the officers who wrote them are both retired, but are men of wisdom as far as the Cavalry of the United States is concerned. It is a privilege for which we are indebted to Colonel Summer the genial Editor of the Cavalry Journal. He is doing a "bang up" job of it, as Grove Cullum so aptly puts it.

My Dear Colonel Summer:

Glad to see how the horse is coming back in this War and it will probably continue to do as it progresses. I have lost my contact with our Cavalry but not my contact with horses. The last lot of cavalry horses I looked over were those issued by the Remount to the Coast Guard Horse Patrols right here in Wilmington, N. C. I wondered if they represented the type of horse issued to our cavalry. They were so sluggish and I doubt that you could get much of a gallop out of them no matter how much whip and spur you used. I apologized to the officers for the type of horse they received as they were used to the galloping types of Maryland Hunt Clubs and around Meadowbrook, L. I.

I have learned a great deal about horses since I left the Army. Although I am still in the Army I feel that I am out of it even when on active duty and in uniform all the time. The thing that I have learned that impresses me most is that if we expect to do well in the field we must pay more attention to selecting our horses. They must be "easy keepers", "free goers" and "galloping types". Our daily march must be pushed up to from forty to sixty miles a day not by marching longer but by marching faster. We must use the gallop more than we do. All this requires a horse that is raised in such a way that the volume of blood carried in the circulatory system is greater in proportion to the rest of the body. There is a great difference in this respect in horses and it is not a question of breeding. It is a question of whether the horse is barn raised or raised on the range or in the pastures, day and night winter and summer. One reason why the Russian Cavalry does so well especially in winter is the fact that their horses are range bred. They carry so much greater quantities of blood that they have energy enough not only to gallop but to keep warm in the coldest of weather. This is the one important thing I have learned since my retirement in 1922. As this relationship of blood volume to body weight cannot be measured or seen it is not even considered of any im-

portance. The modern trend in horse breeding and in military horses in most armies has been away from this horse and the filling up of our armies with horses that are barn raised. These are no good for campaign horses. Recently I sent an article on "The Campaign Horse" to The Horse, Remount Association, but I have never heard from Cederwald.

I am keeping my own horses in New Jersey on pasture winter and summer. I supplement this with a few ears of corn but when I am home I would only do this to the barn raised Thoroughbreds that cannot go through a winter without losing too much flesh on pasture alone.

We read a lot about the shortage of manpower. All these High School ROTC units are having their work duplicated and I am surprised that the War Department has not discontinued them or will do so shortly and send the officers some other place for duty. I have lost half of my senior class already by enlistments in the Armed Forces.

A great many of the old cavalry officers I served with are down in this Service Command. Colonel Myers was in my squadron at Leon Springs. He is Personnel. Clifford is somewhere around Atlanta.

This letter has been inspired by the recent issue of the Cavalry Journal and the prominence given the Russian Horse Cavalry. Tanks and planes are our main thought but horses and men still play a deciding part.

E. Engel

RESURRECTION OF SABRE

Roswell, New Mexico
February 9, 1943.

The January-February issue of the Journal has just come to my desk. Congratulations on its excellence which of course includes the article that I always read first—General Hawkins' Notes.

In the Editorial Comment you state "The Cavalry Journal, . . . is making a desperate effort to bring to its readers the essence of lessons learned from combat." Not only the notes on Cossack engagements but the realistic photographs you reproduced seem to me to point a lesson that is being overlooked in our Cavalry. I have long held the belief that we should restore the sabre to our Cavalry. However, in this connection I have considered myself a theorist as surely I could not speak from practical experience. Consequently, I have failed to comment. However, with the lessons coming from the Russian front I am convinced of one thing: EITHER WE MUST CHANGE OUR CAVALRY DOCTRINE OR WE MUST RESURRECT THE SABRE.

Again admitting that this is theory I will however, hazard the following prophecy: If ever our troops engage in a mounted attack of any proportion you will hear a mighty yell go up for the sabre. As you so aptly say "The time to learn and practice these lessons starts during unit training period." This applies to equipment as well as to tactics. As General Hawkins points out in his notes the world should have foreseen not only the coming attack but should have been able to predict something of its nature.

Sometimes I fear, we give too much weight to public opinion in arriving at our decisions as to armament and

School of Generals

Continued from Page One

those of us who have had the privilege of serving in the Regular Establishment, in peace and War, we can say to The Chronicle World, the whole world, that if you have had the honor of serving in ranks with or as an officer over, the American Soldier of any color, you have been privileged.

Therefore we are proud to be able to give our readers these little friendly accounts of the life at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. This school is necessary to officers of the Regular Army before they are considered fitted to properly command units of size, or become members of the staff of any of the G's.

Your officers of high commands today, are from this school at some time in their military careers. Their wives and children have done the things that Margaret de Martelly tells you of, for she is one of them, born and raised right in the atmosphere of that same Kansas School of the Officer. Last week we saw a picture in the papers of Mrs. Jonathan M. Wainwright receiving the Oak Leaf Cluster from Lieut. General Hugh A. Drum, Adele Wainwright was in those classes. Everyone has heard of Harry Chamberlain, Sally was in those classes. So you of The horse world of The Chronicle are being introduced to the life of those who are, many of them, commanding your fathers, brothers and sons in the greatest of all games, War. We are grateful to Margaret de Martelly for the pains she has taken to enlighten our readers in such a fitting manner. Editor.

Fond memories! The old riding hall; bitter, biting cold, the horses' breath turning to frost; winter humps in their backs, hard to keep their heads up and their croups down. There were no fair weather sailors!

You had a satisfied feeling that you were riding in perfect form until you passed one of those enormous mirrors on the wall. It was your hat and coat but surely it couldn't be you. Then with the help of a remark from the instructor Major Palmer Swift (now Major-General of the 1st Cavalry Division)—a nice loud remark that might have been expurgated, the light dawned, you corrected your mistakes or tried to.

Some days we rode the escort horses and drilled, some days we jumped, but every second day there was a polo class with "C Square" Smith instructing. That meant no reins, no stirrups, no bits; just hackamores. He always said "canter" in his commands, instead of "gallop." What he expected was anything but a canter. It was so strenuous that we had to have fresh horses in the middle of the hour.

During these classes, the natural hazards were Major Palmer or maybe Willard Holbrook (General King's aide) exercising polo ponies. They

component parts of our Armed Forces.

I give these thoughts for what they may be worth. At any rate I greatly enjoy the Cavalry Journal and think you are doing a bang-up job.

Grove Cullum.

P. S. Just why I wonder, are these Russians carrying these sabres? Are they getting ready to slice bread or lance German bellies. Also, I note the rifles on their backs.

EGC.

used to pick out a human, mounted target, ride at it at full gallop, pull up short, back a stride or two and gallop off in the opposite direction, leaving the poor "target" frozen from fear. And there was Harry Chamberlin doing a placement trot, or a two-track to the left and right at a gallop, trying to keep out of the way of the platoon bearing down on him in two sections.

There were Blue, Sid, Alex Jones, Kim Brown, Gray Legs, Blue Bird, Babe, Chuck, Popeye, Charlie C, Trinket, Brown Betty—and then there were Ram Cat and Bush Leager and Broadway Jones. These last three were Major Swift's private mounts. What a pleasure to ride them, except that you were usually consumed with the fear that you might do something to spoil their perfect training. It was quite an honor to be asked to ride one of them, but you could always feel, not only the eyes of Major Swift but the eyes of Nellams, his colored orderly, following you around and around and around. They always had to be ridden with a loose girth. I have never in all the subsequent years ridden a horse so responsive to legs and weight as those trained by Palmer Swift. You didn't need a bridle.

Those were the days when they had a two year course at the Command and General Staff School. Many graduates were held over as instructors, so the same group held together for several years. While the husbands and fathers fought the Battle of Gettysburg with colored pins on maps, the wives and daughters occupied themselves as best they could. This always involved horses.

The horses were there for the officers' equitation classes and for their mounted, tactical problems. The women's and children's classes kept them exercised on days they weren't ridden by the student officers. The monthly dues provided a fund for "extra curricular" equipment and for horse shows and polo tournaments.

Some of the members of the classes in the late 20's were Mesdames Watson, Olmsmith, Fuller, Sawtelle, Chamberlin, Henry, Kimberly, Van Natta, Carpenter, Creed, Brandt Francis, Gruber, Andrews, Sibert, Smith, Miles, Susan Brandt, Ruth Simons and Mrs. Brett and Mrs. Wainwright.

The instructors, their rank vastly different now, were Gerhardt, Wilkinson, Sawtelle, Fiske, Earnest, Davis, Smith and Swift.

The classes were wonderful—the best instructors, the highest sport and the grandest fun. One of the high spots was the cinnamon toast and coffee after classes, around the roaring, rocking wood stove in the gallery, this was Palmer Swift's touch. After a severe pushing around as only he could push you, we used to creep meekly up the steps, feeling as though he were utterly and completely disgusted with us. Suddenly there was a smell of cinnamon and coffee and it never smells as good as it does in a riding hall.

That was Leavenworth in the late '20's.

Phil Crowe and Henry Higginson

On Feb. 5, Captain Phil Crowe who needs no introduction to Chroniclers, will hunt with A. Henry Higginson. He promises us a report on the way the Dorsetshire pack and our Contributing Master Over There, negotiate a country after finding their fox. It will be interesting.

Blue Ridge Hunt
Continued from Page One

Huntsman Stickle quickly lifted them and we set off at a good pace southeast, turning north in the woods, then west in the Hinkle farm, back to the Guilford woods and on across the road to La Grange where we ran out of scent in ploughed ground after 2½ hours which included everything from hard galloping to cold trailing.

On the 9th the Blue Ridge met at Annefield and found immediately in the Callender woods, the fox circling north and west through the Annefield thickets and then going away very fast southwest to Pagebrook, the field being hard put to it to stay with them. In the Pagebrook woods we viewed two foxes and after circling once hounds went north across the Briars, home of John Esten Cooke, the Civil War novelist, on into the Benham farm and thence west across Killdee to the Opequon. Here our pilot turned north crossing the Sulphur Spring and Senseny roads and Isaac Run where he turned east across the Humston farm, recrossed the Senseny road and back to the Opequon. He then repeated this round, going this time almost to the Berryville-Winchester pike and when he reached the Opequon ran south to Killdee and turned east obviously trying to regain the Pagebrook woods. Here a man and a dog turned him back, however, and as we had been running continuously for over 3½ hours and it was getting late we called it a day. The pace was good throughout and the first part very fast. The point was about seven miles and the distance most unusual, over 22 miles measured on the government survey map.

On Thursday the 14th the Blue Ridge met at Springsbury. Conditions were apparently unpropitious of scent, with a heavy white frost and a strong east wind, but fortunately the events of the day made us realize once again how little we all knew about that elusive essence. We had hardly thrown hounds in the north end of Turner's when we heard to the south a ringing "Tally-Ho" from stable manager Russell who used to whip-in to A. Henry Higginson in the days of the Middlesex. The way hounds opened up we knew we were in for a burster, as they fairly flew southwest across Springsbury and south across the Bowles and Clay Hill blue grass into the Shan Hill woods. Here our pilot turned east through the Rabbit Warren and seemed to be waltzing for Lands End but just before reaching the road he fortunately changed his mind and turned north and then northwest in full view of the whole field to the Clay Hill blue grass on the top of the hill. Springsbury's wonderful little mare, Birdcatcher, who has carried Huntsman Gardner so brilliantly for the past several seasons, got one of the very few falls of her career when she slipped on a bank with a ditch between it and a big post and rail jump. She came down on the far side with blood streaming from her mouth and her hind legs apparently useless. A quick examination showed a superficial cut lip and a rail between her legs which kept her from getting up. Gardner was quickly up and away, but the spectacle induced several members of the field to take a more roundabout route. The race proved to be only for the straight riders, however, as we set out to overhaul hounds which we could just hear and occasionally see as they tore west across the Payne and Clay Hill farms into the Meade blue grass and north to the

Strother thickets where we had a brief (and most welcome) check, the first in 40 minutes of hard galloping. This day might well be called "La Chasse des Invalides" for among the four members of the field remaining were George P. Greenhalgh, Sr., lately recovered from the grippe and obviously delighted to be the only member of the family on deck, and Captain Ewart Johnston who had just left his tonsils in the hospital after several weeks of treatment with sulfa drugs. He had accepted an invitation to tea after hunting and decided first to hack over to save gas, to come to the meet and third to see the first covert drawn. What foxhunter ever showed any discretion when hounds were really running? Not Jack at any rate. His only worry was whether his horse was fit enough. However, there was no time to argue this point as hounds cast across the lane and picked up the line in the Briggs woods, drove east through the orchard and south across the Shade Moore farm and over the Clay Hill blue grass to the Payne woods. Here a fresh fox went away west, but hounds bore on south as Captain Johnston finally decided to call it a day and Walter Lee and Mrs. Greenhalgh nicked in. Across the Clay Hill lane they went, halted a minute in Lindsey's thickets and then ran hard for the Fox Spring woods. Hounds dashed on through, swung north into the Meade blue grass, ran to the far end, turned west across the Hummer farm and almost up to an excited teamster who was waving his hat, then doubled south close to Edgewood, back to the Fox Spring woods and went to ground in a rock-break on Clay Hill. This was undoubtedly the run of the season, an hour and fifteen minutes, top pace all the way. The point was only about four miles but it was close to twelve as hounds ran and over as fine a country as one could wish to see. Beside the hunt staff only three went the entire route, Anne Shaffer, Richard Dole and the Master, two of them mounted on Anglo-Cleavelands.

On Saturday the 16th we were glad to welcome Capt. William L. Resseguiet of the R. A. F. Ferry Command who had just flown back from Africa to spend his ten days' leave foxhunting. The Rock Hill met at Hickory Green and a vixen in the Tuleyries woods promptly went to ground. Hounds then lifted to where we had viewed the dog fox and after a preliminary circle he crossed the road into Lucky Hit and then bore east across Mountain View and Montana Hall to the river cliff above Tom Byrd's new house. This was over a lovely line of country, but scent was very moderate and the pace rather leisurely. After a check we cast south, picking up the line in the Red Gate cedars and working it south west into the Montana Hall woods. Here hounds were again at a loss, but the fox was viewed trying to steal away east along Fauntleroy's run and hounds being brought on quickly were able to mend their pace, going first down river, then to the Long Branch woods and across the road to the Providence Spinney where our pilot had waited for us. This was nearly a fatal error for with hounds snapping at his brush he dodged through a rail fence and fled across Mountain View where he went to ground south of the orchard. The Rock Hill Hounds have a reputation for speed but on this day they showed what they could do under difficult conditions, turning in a brilliant piece of hound work.

On the 21st the Rock Hill met at Erin and after drawing Cedar Hollow

Letters To The Editor
Continued from Page Eleven

his mule, he turned to his favorite General and cried in exasperation, "Gee, Two Stars, how do you take these damn things off?" After a brief chaw of Pemican, the General replied, "Should we not consult Fort Riley?"

Buffalo Wallows On.

Riley Men Know

To The Editor,

If we are to have a discussion of the forward seat versus the American Huntsman's seat, let's confine it to people who have had a thorough experience of both. Naturally each man thinks his own type of seat is best, and if he has not given

blank found a bright red fox on Johnson Hill, which circled once in front of the field and then made off at top speed for the Horseshoe. Here a few hounds changed to a fresh fox and while listening to them we nearly lost the main pack which doubled sharp back for Johnson's Hill, where we finally caught them after jumping some of the biggest country in the Valley. From here hounds ran north at a more moderate pace to the Trenary woods where a whipper-in sent to the far end viewed away what was possibly a fresh fox. Hounds were brought on and at a fair hunting pace we crossed La Grange and Farnley to the Federal Hill blue grass fields, pushing on nearly to Montana Hall. Here the fox apparently ran the road and as it was getting dark we called it a day. From the Horseshoe to where we gave up, the point was over seven miles and the line over a perfect country.

On the 23rd the Blue Ridge met at Chapel Hill and had an ideal day for a Saturday field, three good gallops from the Fox Spring woods, Shan Hill woods and Springsbury, three quick finds in succession, about twenty-five minutes each, and to ground at the end of all three. One more incident and this lengthy account is done. On the first day of the month hounds were running a fox through the farm of that good supporter of hunting Mr. Frank Simpson. Coming into his yard the field found in front of them the owner and a formidable new plank fence, the only possible route to get with hounds. "Come on boys," said our host, obviously anticipating some fun. "If you break her down, I'll build her up again." There was no avenue of escape, and in spite of a refusal or two, all got over.—A.M. S.

the other a thorough personal trial he is not competent to judge it. Now that so many of our competent fox-hunting men have been through the mill at Fort Riley, we should be able to have some really informed discussion.

Angela R. Cooke
Rehoboth, Mass.

Note:—I am afraid that we may have to put off the whole thing, which I admit would be most enlightening, not to say entertaining, till after peace is declared, as I happen to know most intimately just how busy those same young hunting men are striving to attain a degree of proficiency which will allow them to lead men in combat in a manner fitting to the place at the head of their units, no light task. Editor.

Cateer's Rating

To The Editor:

We thoroughly enjoy The Chronicle and are grateful that a publication of its kind is available. We hope that you will keep up the good work and do realize that you are bound to certain difficulties during these times.

After having studied the ratings which you gave the Open Jumpers in the January 1st issue of The Chronicle, it is without an air of criticism that I can't refrain from bringing to mention the achievements of Dave Martins' horse, Cateer. I write as a very personal friend of Dave and of having had the pleasure of attending all shows in which he entered Cateer. Mr. Martin, who is now an Aviation Cadet, served as trainer and rider of Cateer, attaining the following awards:

Three Championships:

- 1—Chevy Chase Horse Show
- 2—Southern Maryland Democrats Show
- 3—Manor Hunt Show
- One Reserve Championship:
- Red Cross Canteen Horse Show
- Triple Bar Classes:—1st place at—
- 1—University of Maryland
- 2—Manor Hunt
- 3—Suitland
- 4—Howard County
- 5—Mt. Cavalry Church
- 6—George Washington University
- 7—Washington Bridle Trails
- 8—Pikesville, Maryland
- 9—Jolea Farms
- 10—Chevy Chase Horse Show

2nd place at—

Red Cross Canteen Show

Cateer was one of three horses tying for the high jump at 7' 0" at the Columbus Horse Show.

Continued on Page Twenty

SUGGESTED PROSPECTS

These people may like to subscribe to The Chronicle, if they have not already done so.

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With Delhi Hounds In India

By LIEUT. G. B. WEBB, JR.

Continued From Last Week

"It is hoped that the hunt will be well supported by Hunting Members and also by others, who can become Non-Hunting Members or Subscribers, even if they cannot see their way to join as Hunting Members. It will be most regrettable if hunting has to close down in Delhi, especially as the pack was formed with great difficulty, through the help of Viscount Halifax, when he was Viceroy, and has been brought to a very high quality.

"The minimum rates of subscription for Membership of the Hunt Club are as follows:

"Gentlemen: Rs. 75/— (or if he hunts only once a week Rs. 50/—). Ladies: Rs. 50/—, (or if she hunts only once a week Rs. 40/—). Each hunting member of a subscriber's family: Rs. 25/— (or if under 18 years of age Rs. 20/—3. Non-Hunting Members: Rs. 25/—. British Inf. Bn. or Indian Cav. Regt. Rs. 250/— and Indian Inf. Bn. Armd. Car Coy. or Bty. of Art. Rs. 150/— (For latter two: Reducable at the discretion of the Committee if only a few can hunt or the unit is moved before the end of the season).

"All subscriptions may be paid in five equal monthly instalments.

"Ladies and Gentlemen can come out on 'Cap (5/— per hunt, 2/8/— per drag) providing they do not hunt more than 4 times during the Season."

(1 Rupee, Rs., is worth 32c American money, Rs. 3/4/— per \$1 currently).

There were but a few of the above mentioned committee out this morning. Among the followers were Garforth Bless, Major, British Army, acting secretary, (he collected my Rs. 5/—); Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Curtis, he is a G. C. S., and was so kind to offer me a mount for another outing. All the field were thoroughly convivial, not at all English, but they were a little taken a-back when they saw me whip out a note book and then a camera and start to take pictures.

Hounds moved off, the customary 13 couple, "Country Bred", that is English Foxhounds, bred in India. One however came from the United States, from Mr. W. Plunket Stewart's Cheshire Hounds and amusingly enough is named "Briton". The pack was mannerly and business like from the time they were released from the hound truck.

We first moved off over exceedingly flat country, which instead of

fences for boundaries, has ditches and irrigating channels cutting it up. These are the obstacles to be jumped, and they come up to you with suddenness, especially when you are really galloping on. They are about 2 to 3 feet deep, with slight banks, and about 3 to 5 feet across. There was much cultivation in the country we rode. There was evidence of winter rice cropping up, I thought it was wheat, and in some fields there was exceeding dampness, due to recent irrigation, which made the soil over fetlock deep. When you encountered these little patches of land you had to take your horse in hand quickly, getting him climbing off his hocks.

The land is tilled with the old-fashioned Indian style plow, actually no more than a pole with a sharp stone affixed to the end of it, like a hook. The soil is not turned over and in consequence the soil that is tilled, if it is tilled wet, comes over in clods and when the sun hits them they turn to a stiff brick like consistency. Horses seemed little bothered about galloping over this type of terrain, however they encountered difficulty in trotting over same.

The field rapidly spread out, coffee-housing, as hounds drew on. However followers bunched quickly when hounds opened in a sugar cane stand. This sugar-cane stand was an area of some 5 to 6 acres. The scent was exceptional. It always is early in the morning, before the blazing sun dries up the dew of the night.

Hounds were prompt in getting to the hound which opened and worked the line eagerly and came out of the covert of sugar-cane and went a point of some 3/4 mile, when they entered another cane-covert and lost momentarily. There the field rallied about the south edge of the covert, and conversing with Mr. Thomas and others, it was a joy to find out the cosmopolitan lot who were out.

There were ladies and gentlemen who had hunted in England in the shires and in smaller hunts.

My friend Lieut. Lassiter had had trouble from the outset with his horse which was unaccustomed to the ditches and the terrain, as was mine, it being the first hunt for both horses. Lt. Lassiter had come a cropper over a ditch, and an American Air Corps uniform was really posted. He was the first to fall this day, but was very sporting, was quick to get up when his horse was brought back.

However, when hounds picked up

the line again, the Jackal was found to have turned sharp about, seemed to some that we were running a back track. In going back quickly, one of the wearers of pink came down in a smasher and his horse, a bold one, went on with the wind. He was afoot for some time, but eventually was back on his mount.

Another loss was encountered on the railroad. It was now light enough to take some pictures and I was able to take my first snaps of hunting in India.

Hounds were eventually blown in and were taken back to be cast again in a northerly direction. Soon we had another Jackal going, this one out of a canal, and he flew to the west. Twice we viewed him, but by this time we had the sun well up. Fortunately we were blessed with overcast and scent held on surprisingly well. We went on with this one for some time, say 1/2-hour, during which time we had some delightful galloping bursts.

The horsemanship of followers was splendid and the type of horse in most instances was a useful sort for foxhunting anywhere in the world. There were some "Country-bred" Thoroughbreds, that is by English sires out of English mares, foaled in India. There were of course some half-breds, "cocktails", and these were of the English Remount type, bred by the government. Many of the horses were resplendent with brands. Major Gaiforth Bless, (whom a beautiful Daphne Atkinson, who is a close likeness in manner and looks and personality to Rose Bingham Warwick Fiske, had told me the night before to look up), was riding one of the horses from the stable of His Excellency the Viceroy. This was by far the best looking type and best

fitted and groomed horse in the field. However, The Lady Doreen Hope's bay gelding, imported from England, was a cracking good Thoroughbred type for a lady, and went as well as he looked. Maj. Bless' mount was fractious, well up in the bit, but a good mover, my kind of a horse if I have my choice.

My horse was an honest black gelding, about 16.0 hands, say 12 Continued on Page Nineteen

CHARLEY O.

Br., 1930

By 'HOURLISS'-CLONAKILTY, by CATMINT
16.0% Hands. 1,250 Pounds.

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A stake winner, by a stake winner, out of a stake winner, brother to a stake winner. Represents a staying line.

CHARLEY O. with limited opportunities in Kentucky came to Virginia in the late season of 1941. With only 8 mares sent to his court, all are proven to be in foal.

CHARLEY O's winners have won over a distance.

CHARLEY O. won Florida Derby (by 3 lengths, 118 pounds, 1 1/4 miles in 1:49 3-5); finished third to BROKERS TIP and HEAD PLAY in Kentucky Derby.

"CLONAKILTY won and produced MIKE HALL, brother to CHARLEY O., winner of 19 races and \$213,420, including Agua Caliente Handicap, Latonia Cup twice and others, and setting new American record of 3:48 3-5 for 2 1/4 miles.

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Delhi Hounds

Continued From Page Eighteen

years, and capable of going a long ways with weight, providing you gave him the time. He was thoroughly fit and went cautiously and nobly. He at first did not fully understand the ditches. He was needing prodding all the way.

Also in the field and riding well, was Sultan Ghanl. He is a delightful fellow, knows everyone in India, was in the States, knows Colorado Springs, and wants to go to Utah for a Mormon wife or to Hollywood for a "peach", after the war. He runs a very fine saddlery shop, and there I met him the 2nd day in India, when he was talking to a good friend, Lieut. Blackmoor, of the English mechanized forces. Lieut. Blackmoor had been visiting in Delhi, with Sir Edward Buck, and his sister had come down with him as well.

But back to the hunt again. By this point, we had sent this last Jackal along for some 3 or 4 miles and the scent had rather dwindled. Then all of a sudden, and many followers thought that it could have well been a new Jackal, hounds accounted. There were two angles. Either the pressed Jackal had approached the canal and weary had turned back into the pack, or a new one had been jumped as he sunned himself on the canal's banks. In any event, hounds broke up their Jackal with a will, and Mrs. Treseder and The Lady Doreen Hope were good enough to present the writer with the brush.

During the day there were several casualties. One lady came down hard and suffered lacerations of her chin, necessitating hospitalization. Capt. Edwin Thomas, who was doing Honorary Whipper-in duties was severely bitten by "Amusing", when he was attempting to break this hound from another who was savaging "Amusing." Capt. Thomas unfortunately did not take his hound by the stern but rather took him about the throat. He was deeply gashed and had to undergo both Tetanus and shots for Rabies later at the hospital.

"Link Boy", a big hound with a great voice like Stenton, hunted nobly during the day. "Farrier" was the lead hound in at the accounting.

The pack is largely made up of pure English breeding, however there are at least 2 couple who carry the longer coat of the Welsh Hound. Their second sire back had this blood and was used at stud in Delhi kennels several seasons ago.

The Lady Doreen Hope and Mrs. Treseder had the good fortune to receive a draft of 6 couple from the Green Howard Regiment Pack, of which Hounds Maj. Branscombe was Master. This Indian pack was disbanded for the duration last season, 1941. These hounds are good individuals and work well with the outstanding "Country-bred" and home kennel-bred hounds.

The Duke of Beaufort's "Barrister," 1937, and Cattistock "Stella" have been responsible for at least 2 good families of hounds, many of them entered during the season 1939 and 1941. These hounds were bred in the Delhi Hunt Kennels.

The Quorn bitch "Sutcliffe", out of the Duke of Beaufort's "Plaint", was one of the Green Howard hounds and she is a full sister to "Suffron" and "Sampler", also out of Quorn "Sutcliffe", ex Exmore "Trusty".

To Be Concluded

The Visiting Master

Continued from Page Two

But I couldn't imagine where so much water came from. It seems the creeks all have muddy bottoms in this country. Well I found a tree growing up the bank and crawled up while poor old Grey walked down stream into more and more mud till he couldn't move.

The Master seeing a riderless horse in the middle of the stream, yelled, "Where's the rider?" Just as I was emerging over the edge I shouted, "I'm alright," and proceeded to help extract the horse. After pulling out some logs which were across in front of him, one fellow grabbed the reins and handed me a whip to crack him over the rump. My hands being pretty numb by this time, I flicked the lash right into my eye, but hardly noticed it so injured was I by this time to the elements.

Suddenly I noticed my breeches were getting tight around my knees. Somebody said, "You better get to a warm farmhouse." So the whipper-in offered me his horse as my stirrup leathers were in the bottom of the stream. They had to lift me on as I could hardly bend my knees to mount so frozen were my wet riding breeches. A fine young man on a piebald led me across country about one and a half miles. Ice formed on the saddle and I couldn't grip with my knees but I made the jumps all right. Pretty soon I heard a noise like someone clapping two shingles together and discovered it was my sleeves clapping against my coat. Both were as stiff as boards.

After a brisk canter and a short walk to cool the horses we arrived at the home of a Mr. Canter, who took me right into his living room beside a good chunk stove, to dry. Then he gave me the last drink he had in the house. It was Paul Revere whiskey, very appropriate, I thought.

Mrs. Canter made coffee and sandwiches and when I thanked her as I was leaving, she said, "I am always happy to help anyone in distress." How well she put it. Although it was quite a shock to me I guess I certainly must have looked it when I arrived there. There was one thing I noticed though, my hunting coat certainly had a beautiful flair to it, so stiff was it frozen.

Well, I had no ill effects from the ride and I didn't catch cold. It was really a thrilling experience. I enjoyed immensely the beautiful reception mine host gave at his home after we got back. Only one thing I almost forgot. I wasn't able to ride for three or four days after that, not because of any stiff muscles, not because of a dip in the stream, but because when I was standing beside the chunk stove drying off my underclothes on me, I stooped over to pick up my socks and backed into the hot stove. Thus ends "The Tale of the Visiting Master".

Arapahoe Hunt

Continued from Page Two

Hounds were taken east, and on reaching the end of the path, burst forth again into a chorus, and ran straight to the Pinnacles.

For the next two weeks, the weather was too dry and windy for really good runs. On the 7th, we hunted around headquarters, and it was a most interesting day to watch hounds work, with plenty of checks, and a few fast bursts. The following Wednesday, two coyotes were viewed, but one ran up a road, and the other through a barren field, both times losing hounds.

On the twenty-fourth, a coyote was

found at Lookout Point, and ran south and then east along the south end of the buffalo fence, and finally went through this fence just west of the Wildcat Road. Hounds were picked up and cast again in the Douglas Investment, but we had no more luck that day and got back to Kennels just as a sharp cold wind was coming up. A couple of guests were out that day, one of them mounted on John H, a former hunt staff horse. As a former whipper-in, home on furlough at Christmas said, "If my muscles ever get as hard as John's mouth, I'll be the toughest guy in the army," and as George our huntsman says, "John always knows where he's going, but the trouble is, nobody else ever does," (and George has good reason to know. One day hunting John, he had an argument about which side of a tree to pass on, and John, rather than give in, butted his head against the trunk.) John, in other words knows everything a horse can know about hunting, but gives his rider a terrible time, especially if he's green. Well, his rider this day was green, his only experience having been a few months in a military riding class. Accordingly, every time he felt doubtful of his position on John's back, he let his feet out of the stirrups, crossing the stirrups over the withers in order to regain his balance. However, all was well until a whip came by in a hurry, and John hurried too. The whip, noting John's riders difficulty, crossed her horse across the path, hoping to stop John. John swerved suddenly into the scruboak and the air was blue, but when it cleared, John's rider could be seen, still miraculously aboard, gazing at one stirrup leather clasped firmly in his right hand.

We had a beautiful run the next Wednesday, going east across the Wildcat Road, running along the flats to the south of the Pinnacles as far as the Happy Canon Road, then doubling back along this road, and running as far as the Wildcat Road. As we came home, we rode by the Kloefer's, and only wished they had been with us; it was the first time in several seasons that we have hunted that far south.—H. C. N.

Essex Hounds

Continued from Page Three

of the hounds. The former pack ran a small circle to the left once more, while the other lot went on toward Lamington, swung left and eventually came back to where they had found. Here the two packs came together and went on as one. But hounds were pretty tired now, after another hour's hard hunt. They had been prevented from hunting for a month by snow and ice until two days before, when they had a hard day on Saturday, and the pace and rough going was beginning to tell. Scent was failing also and gradually died out entirely. And so at 5:30 hounds were stopped and taken home.

Everyone regrets so much that our season is over for this year, but for many reasons it seems best to end it now. Our huntsman, George Connors, leaves tomorrow to go into War work near Bound Brook. All the members of the Hunt wish him every success, and hope he will be back with us after the War. It has been a good season on the whole, and every one seems satisfied. We hope most definitely to hunt two days a week next season. Packs in England are hunting today, after three years of War, and the least we can do is to follow such a splendid example.

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Ensign MacLeod

Ensign Colin "Sandy" MacLeod, Jr., reported to Norfolk for further orders and has been transferred to the Naval Air Station, Olathe, Kansas. Sandy is now out in Kansas after spending a leave at Huntlands.

Aircraft Carrier Officer

Lt. Commander Dulancy Nickols was recently home on a two-weeks' leave and departed for Seattle, Washington where he will assume his duties on a new aircraft carrier as navigating officer. Lt. Commander Nickols had previously been stationed in Norfolk for about eight months.

Dress Parade Dead

Rancho Casitas, Ventura, Calif. suffered a loss when **Dress Parade**, 20-year-old son of **Man o'War—Thrasher**, by **Trap Rock**, died the other day. Owned by Dr. George B. Lee of Burke, Va., **Dress Parade** came to Rancho Casitas two years ago. Dr. Lee stands his Imp. **Bell Toll** at his farm in Virginia.

Not Surprising

Dave Roberts of this Smith-Worthington outfit of Hartford, Conn., reports that it is his observation that "Frankly most folks who go in for hunting and jumping seem to be more patriotic in percentage of those having joined up with the Armed Forces." Nice to hear, but not surprising.

Miss Charlotte Montgomery Weds

Miss Charlotte Ives Montgomery, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Robert L. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, Pa. and Mansfield Plantation, Georgetown, who is a well known horse woman, no stranger to Philadelphia and South Carolina, was married on February 21 to Mr. Thomas Edward Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell is with the Southern Kraft division of the International Paper Company.

Lieut. Gordon Grand, Jr., Marries

The marriage of Lieut. Gordon Grand, Jr., of the Millbrook Hunt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Grand of Millbrook, N. Y., the latter it will be well remembered, wrote a splendid article for *The Chronicle* some many months back, maybe he will do so again. The wedding was built around the armed services, for the groom's brother was best man, he in the Navy and the bride, Miss Ruth Young, of New York and Beverly Farms, Mass. had her brother to give her away, he in the Army Air Corps. Splendid atmosphere of our combative forces, the whole thing, the best of luck to all of them.

Margaret Cotter with Red Cross

It is a privilege to be able to announce that Miss Margaret Cotter is about to go into regular work with the Red Cross. A privilege, because girls like Miss Cotter, coming from the world of horses, give us the best representation possible. Miss Cotter is efficient, a good sportswoman, un-

questionably a fine girl on a horse and has an excellent personality. While we will miss her notes and articles, nevertheless we are glad that just before she left we gave her a chance to say her say about horse shows, and a good "say" it was. To you of the Red Cross Administration, you have a fine girl, give her a chance and she will go places for you, and to Margaret Cotter, all the luck in the world, we hate to see you go, but you're doing the right thing, which we know makes you feel good about it all.

Point-to-Point

Entries are shaping up very nicely for the Middleburg Point-to-Point to be held Saturday, March 27, at 3 o'clock p. m. The closing date for entries at *The Chronicle* office in Middleburg is March 20. The course will be flagged and on the day preceding the point-to-point, all entrants may walk the course if they desire to do so.

Writers On The War Horse

It is good to see such sound writers, who know of what they write, as Rhoda Christmas and Margaret Cotter making mention of the really ignorant suggestions made by some, who seem to gloat over making remarks and being quoted, in regard to the horse and his use. She is so right when she brings up the question of the so-called African desert, which really is not a desert, save in certain areas. In fact, does not history tell us that Hannibal was badly whipped by Scipio in the region of the present fighting, due to the fact that the latter had Cavalry and the former had practically none? True that neither of them had tanks or motorized equipment, but there must be much of the terrain they are now fighting over where such fast moving rolling stock is of little or no use.

It seems to us that our writers have to present these thoughts more and more in order to counteract the insidious columnists who couch their efforts in nauseating terms, lambasting the horse, due partially to ignorance of the subject and its portent, as well as to a need of filling their columns in order to collect the dollars that their papers pay them, especially at this time when there is not so much to columnize about.

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page Seventeen

Thus, in view of these records, I can't but express opinion that, perhaps, he deserves more mention and merits higher rating than you have awarded in your ratings. I would appreciate having your reply to augment or contradict my belief. True, I know that many times now, it is likely that record keeping is more difficult than of former days and I do not mean to be without good sportsmanship.

Wishing you the best of luck in your continued endeavors and good success, I remain,

Very truly yours,

William F. Carl.

The above letter merits its place here. No good horse should ever want for stall room in *The Chronicle* and *Cateer* could have a good box stall with me. Our records were far from complete last season as we pointed out carefully. This sort of careful

Saturday, April 10 Is Date Set For Middleburg Races

The Middleburg Hunt Racing Association has made some changes in its usual program for its spring meeting but plans are being made for the meet to be held Saturday, April 10, with the first race being called at 3 o'clock p. m.

To date there are three events carded, namely: The William Skinner Memorial, 2 miles over brush; The Panther Skin, 2 miles over brush and The Wanquepin, 1½ miles over hurdles. If sufficient entries warrant it, a fourth event will be entered on the card, The Cobert, about 1½ miles on the flat. This year there will be no entry fees and no purses will be given to the winners. Trophies will be awarded in each race.

Reductions have been made in the admission prices. Unlike former years, no passes will be issued and the gate admission will be 50 cents. Grandstand tickets will cost 25 cents and boxes have been reduced to \$10.

Both the owners and the trainers have expressed their willingness to enter their horses even though no purses will be given. This is to help keep the meeting going for the duration so that it can resume its former position after the war. Early reports from prospective entries indicate that all events should be well filled. All entries should be sent to Mr. D. C. Sands by April 3rd.

Standard Breds

To The Editor.

I was overjoyed to see the paragraph concerning trotters in your January 15th issue. I wish you would carry more news about the Standard breds. Mrs. James B. Johnson, to whom you refer in this article, is Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloan's sister. I thought this might interest you.

In the January 8th issue I noticed that Mr. John Hervey is to write a history on "Racing in America 1665-1865". In my opinion I don't think the Jockey Club could have picked a better author. It might interest you to know that Mr. Hervey is an authority on the Standard bred. He is a feature writer for the weekly paper "The Harness Horse" and often contributes articles to "Hoof Beats," the Official Publication of the United States Trotting Association.

At Mr. R. S. Peach's place I have a Standard bred stallion by Joe Hale from **Carolina C** by **The Christian**. I believe he is the only representative of this breed in the hunting country of Virginia. I am writing this from Fort Belvoir, where I have been stationed for the last 10 months with the Veterinary Corps.

While Alex Calvert was "serving time" in the hospital here as the result of a horse falling on him at the Remount Depot, Front Royal, I had the opportunity to visit him several times. It was certainly good to see someone from around home and to whom one could talk "horse."

You are doing an excellent job with *The Chronicle*, keep up the good work (of course it could be improved with a little more news of the Standard breds).

Sincerely,

Walter J. Williams.

Upperville, Va.

record helps us give credit where it is due. The best of luck to Dave Martin, may he be back soon to have a leg up on his good horse. Many thanks to you, too, Bill Carl,—Editor,

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We welcome the following new subscribers to *The Chronicle* for the week of March 5th, 1943:

Pvt. Walter C. Duffy,
New Mexico.
Miss Phebe Ann Prescott,
Massachusetts.
Mr. Otto Burneleit,
New Jersey.
Pvt. J. William Noland, Jr.,
Florida.
Miss Gertrude Perkins,
New Jersey.
Mrs. Talbot J. Albert,
Maryland.
Mr. Alex Forman, New York.
Mrs. Mary D. Cushing, Virginia.
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Mr. Charles H. Gorham,
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WANTED—Reliable man to assist in teaching riding and help care for horses and tack. Reply to Norman Clarke, 4403 Stanford Rd., Chevy Chase, Md. 2-26 4t

WANTED—Two Hackney ponies about fourteen hands for riding and driving with show buggies and tack in exchange for qualified thoroughbred hunter, chestnut, sixteen-three hands, aged 10, blue ribbon winner. C. L. Haywood, Jr., Elkins, N. C. 2-26 4t ch

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